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DECEMBER 24, 1982

m. F. Buckley Jr.:
EXIT TEDDY —page 1632

NATIONAL REVIEW

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NATIONAL REVIEW

DECEMBER 24, 1982
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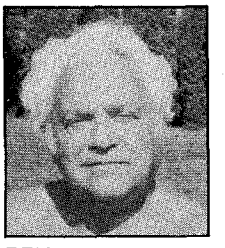

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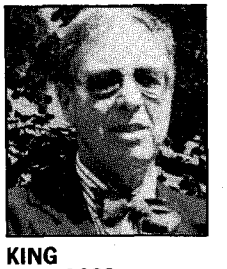

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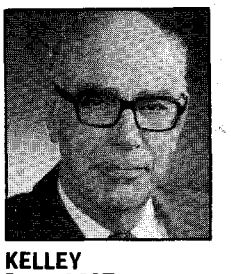

KELLEY
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Christmas

1601 A Trapp Family Christmas

How to promote love and the seasonal spirit among ten spirited children? Easy . . . for the Trapp family. When the Heath family tried to apply the formula, however, not so easy. So maybe the result *wasn't* the Trapp family. On the other hand, it wasn't Cain and Abel, either. Not by a long shot.

Aloïse Buckley Heath

1608 Nature Is a Parable

The sensory world is "God speaking to us, sending out messages in code, and faith is the key whereby we may decipher them." A distinguished layman reads some of the signs of our times with this key, ranging from Madame Tussaud to Mother Teresa, savoring divine ironies that run through our world, connecting the ribald and the mystical.

Malcolm Muggeridge

1618 Christmas Faith

With "peace" looming on every side, this is an appropriate moment to meditate on the Prince of Peace: What sort of Prince is He? And what sort of Peace does He bring? Not as the world gives Peace.

Michael Novak

Columns

1599 Abortion Battles

The Eastern press ignored the issue, but it made a difference in the elections just behind us. It will keep on making a difference—and the President is handling it wisely. If he runs in '84, he will have an earthly reward.

John McLaughlin

1600 Non-Event in Moscow

A change of regimes in the Soviet Union! What better moment for some good old American "concessions"? (For instance, why not demonstrate our peaceful intentions by pulling some American troops out of Afghanistan?)

Brian Crozier

1616 The Greening of Germany

Having vanquished the Third Reich, the United States has given West Germany a fourth: Charles. Germans are going back to nature, at the behest of the Greens. Will it lead to another outbreak of German madness?

Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn

Books Arts & Manners

1620 William O'Neill has written a valuable account of the intellectuals' schism over Stalinism. **John P. Roche** finds much to praise in it, but wonders: What's wrong with Red-baiting, anyway? . . . **Arnold Beichman** hails a "little gem of a book" on a great fraud, False Consciousness: that mental disorder which causes people to reject Marxism. . . . **Nicholas King** greets a history of *The End of the World* (not to be confused with *The Fate of the Earth*). . . . In *Monsignor Quixote*, gloomy Graham Greene makes funny, to the delight of **Selden Rodman**. . . . **Donald Hall** celebrates the poetry of Daniel Mark Epstein, giving delicious samples. . . . **Joseph Sobran** wishes TV coverage of the Soviets were less even-handed. . . . **H. N. Kelley** predicts that Wagner will survive a new TV showing of *The Ring*. . . . **D. Keith Mano** and his mother dialogue earnestly about our soles.

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Letters

List(en)ing?

How long and how carefully has Allan Bloom ["Our Listless Universities," Dec. 10] observed and listened to young people in our better universities? At college I learned to question generalizations like those upon which Mr. Bloom bases his argument.

For the most part, I agree that higher education nowadays is based on the premise that the only thing absolute is relativity, and that that leads to an unfortunate lack of "discrimination." But I see a great deal of merit in the demystifying process that leads Mr. Bloom to criticize our universities. Yes, the equalization of cultures and sexes can propel a student toward indiscriminateness. But a muddy pool of ideas or a base equality of floating, relative opinions is not necessarily a negative thing. Demystification strives consciously though futilely toward a *tabula rasa*, so to speak, upon which civilization can figure. In this context, we might notice how such a word as "discriminate" has changed. Once it had a positive meaning: to distinguish. But then, through its use in a changing society, it became negative: to exclude. By studying how such evolutions came about we can find meaning in our language, our environment, and our past. Perhaps Mr. Bloom could not understand the "dangerous longings" of his natural soul because he could not identify the changes in himself without using the new soul's jargon.

Charles D. Albright
Chicago, Ill.

Oh, Lord!

Re: "Catholic Bishops on the Brink," by Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn [Nov. 26]: God forgive them, for they know not what they do.

Walker W. Means
Heber Springs, Ark.

Economishness

While *NR* covers a wide range of topics in each issue, and lightly it may seem, the commonality in most of them gives each issue considerable depth of meaning. The most self-evident human characteristic discussed in most articles by implication, if not explicitly, is selfishness. All people are selfish to one degree or another. Therefore, the more power given to them, the greater the potential amplification of this selfishness. Economics as taught in the classroom usually considers this too obvious to go into.

Yes, many economics classes touch on the potential for coercion, plunder, and blackmail in politics in contrast to the freedom, creativity, and exchanges in economics. But few classes develop the relationships between augmented selfishness and political power, how the political administrators manage to take more and more for themselves, leaving less and less for the administered. To a large extent, therefore, the subjects of economic discussions are more the symptoms than the basic causes.

I use *NR* in my classes in the above manner. For example, I had the students focus on the selfishness of people by merely citing three of the articles in the November 26 issue of *NR*: 1) "The Right Books," by Chilton Williamson Jr., on how our unfree economy keeps the blacks out; 2) "Do Something," by Joseph Sobran, on the disguised coercion of secular humanism; 3) "Surprise" ["The Week"], on how Republican Administrations have turned out to be more statist than Democratic ones since 1949. Perhaps it is about time we coined a new term for economics that considers human nature always, such as "psycheconomics."

Arthur Sharr
Encino, Calif.

Founding Italian

In your November 12 issue, you state that "Charles Poletti . . . was the first son of Italian immigrants to serve as lieutenant governor and governor of any state" ["The Week"]. William Paca (1740-1799), an Italian-American, was governor of Maryland from 1782 to 1785. He was also a jurist, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and a member of the state convention that ratified the federal Constitution.

Contrary to popular belief, the contributions of Italians in America do precede the twentieth century.

Anthony M. Sacramone
Astoria, N.Y.

Uninformed Informers

During President Reagan's press conference on November 11, I listened as he answered affirmatively and without reservation when asked if there is evidence of Communist backing of the nuclear-freeze movement. I was not surprised at his answer. Since the freeze is clearly loaded in the Russians' favor, why *wouldn't* the Communists promote and support it?

I *was* surprised the next evening to watch on what I believe is the lesser evil of the liberal-dominated TV newscasts—i.e., NBC with Brokaw, Mudd, & Co.—while Senator Moynihan stated there was

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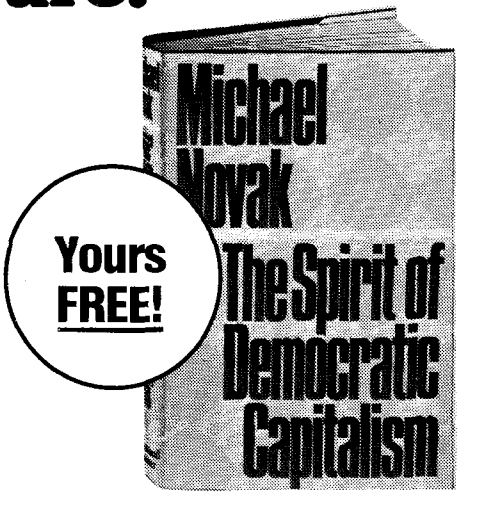
– Commentary

From Samuel McCracken's extraordinary review in **Commentary:**



It is not so easy to exculpate those who still hold to the superstitions of socialism. Whatever can be said of the status of Marxist theory, the failure — utter, consistent, and continuing — of Marxist practice is apparent to anyone with eyes to see....It has not been clear why socialism should be so esteemed despite its failure and — the inevitable corollary — capitalism so despised despite its success; most observers who have found the situation troubling enough to warrant attention have confined themselves to vague speculations about the contrariness of intellectuals. Now, Michael Novak has made some progress in clearing this matter up for us, but this is only a fringe benefit of his remarkable book. For *The Spirit of Democratic Capitalism* is perhaps the first serious attempt to construct a theology of capitalism. That this very phrase rings a little strange in the ears even of sympathetic hearers testifies to the compromised reputation of democratic capitalism even among many of its friends....

Novak rehabilitates the moral stature of democratic capitalism by showing how little it resembles the caricatures of it which pass almost everywhere as analytic descriptions....Latin America did not develop largely because it did not adopt an economic system that allowed development. Moreover, the Catholic Church was originally hostile to capitalism because of conservative objections to liberalism: what the 19th-century Church attacked as "*liberalismo*" always proves upon analysis to be democratic capitalism. Ironically, the liberation theologians, opposed to the traditional hierarchy in everything else, agree with it in despising capitalism and seeing it as the author of much woe for Latin America.

And so the Church, by opposing capitalism, appears to Novak as a major cause of poverty in Latin America. This is not an isolated instance for Novak: following a seminal study by H.R. Trevor-Roper, he traces the comparative affluence of Catholic and Protestant Europe, nearly always to the embarrassment of the former. Novak's own Church, then, becomes one of the causes of poverty in large parts of the world....This is, of course, a remarkable argument to be made by a leading Catholic intellectual, particularly one who is not only a theologian but a theologian far from the fashionable fringes of theological innovation — one who, for example, seems wholly comfortable talking about God as if He undoubtedly exists and as if the universe makes the most sense if one assumes that He not only created it but takes a continuing interest in it.

...Novak rejects democratic socialism as firmly as he does the totalitarian variant, even though until comparatively recently he was himself a democratic socialist. His account of his own movement from Christian socialism to democratic capitalism is insightful and astringent. As a budding Catholic intellectual, he tells us, he read heavily in those European writers who saw capitalism as "protestant": anarchic, individualistic, rejecting of tradition. He once found this position persuasive, but now believes it to have been a misguided nostalgia for village values considered in those days one of the good things about the Middle Ages. He continued to believe in socialism, as do a great many intellectuals, religious or irreligious, because its ostensible ethical system seemed so superior to that of capitalism. It took some time more for him to conclude that "the dream of democratic socialism is inferior to the dream of democratic capitalism, and that the latter's superiority in actual practice is undeniable."

This statement might well serve as the epigraph of the book....Each of the parts of the statement is important: it is not unusual for men to believe that capitalism in practice is superior to socialism in practice, a conclusion which leaves room for the perennial and damaging belief that if only socialism were done right it would bring on the millennium. But Novak maintains — with a richness of analysis that challenges the reviewer — that socialism is also inferior to capitalism in theory....Novak's most important achievement is to spell this superiority out in detail, especially in the ethical area which most intellectuals have long conceded to socialism....

One need not share Novak's religious perspective on capitalism to find this book a stunning achievement, but those who have hitherto preferred socialism on religious, or indeed on purely ethical, grounds must now face an argument of immense weight — and one produced by a former fellow believer. If enough of them read it, *The Spirit of Democratic Capitalism* may prove one of those rare books that actually changes the way things are.

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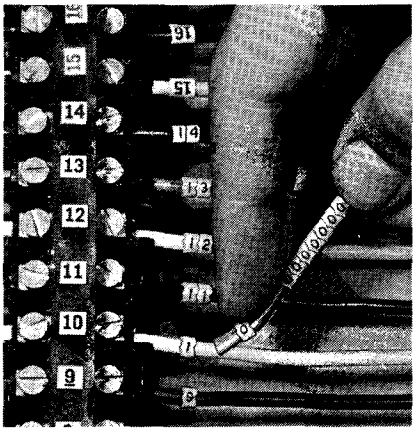

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no evidence of Communist support of the freeze movement, and backed up his assertion by saying that, as vice chairman of the Select Committee on Intelligence, he was privy to as much security information as was the President. Brokaw, Mudd, & Co. promptly supported the senator's statement by reporting the results of supposed inquiries to the FBI and CIA. These interviews, so NBC said, uncovered no knowledge of Communist influence behind the freeze movement.

That evening, belatedly reading my November 12 issue of *NR*, I discovered ["The Week"] that Communists, KGB agents, and any number of Communist-front organizations in the United States have been publicly active in supporting the freeze—not just behind the scenes. *NR*'s sources are from the public record. Have the vice chairman of the Select Committee on Intelligence, the FBI, and the CIA never heard of Georgi Arbatov, the World Peace Council, Romesh Chandra, the U.S. Peace Council, Yuri Kapralov, or Cora Weiss?

There are those who claim the President is using the tactics of McCarthyism and who think, as does Representative Edward Markey (D., Mass.), as quoted in the November 14 *Miami Herald*, that "the President . . . continues to slander the concerned citizens who want to stop the nuclear arms race . . . of being Communist dupes." Most of these citizens are not pinks or reds; they are merely naïve and uninformed, as is Mr. Markey. Let us all be thankful that our President is not similarly naïve or uninformed.

G. Andrew Ebelhare Jr.
West Palm Beach, Fla.

Keep in the Closet

In regard to the letter [Nov. 26] from "Name Withheld," I would like to comment that since the Fall, human beings have shown all sorts of vileness. The difference between man and monster is self-control. Do what you want in the closet, N.W., but don't do it in the streets!

Jeff Cooper
Paulden, Ariz.

Publisher Praised

If the trustees of the Nobel Peace Prize committee are serious about the prospects for practical peace, they will have to award their next prize to William A. Rusher ["The Truth about Nuclear Weapons," Nov. 26]. It is the clearest, and best, writing on the subject thus far.

But I have a quibble. In his discussion of potential users of some "ultimate" weapon, Rusher has touched on all logical possibilities for the start of a nuclear war save one. What does he think about a "decaying superpower" that is ruled by a clique that achieved and has maintained its dominance by internal terror and by keeping external pressure on its empire—a clique that has had dreams, unfulfilled, of world con-

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HOW TO STOP DRUNK DRIVING.

TOUGH LAWS MAY HELP, BUT WE ALSO NEED TO CHANGE OUR ATTITUDES.

Do you know anyone who's in favor of drunk driving? Not likely. And yet many people have driven when under the influence of alcohol, or will do it at least once.

Take a look at some chilling statistics. One out of every two of us will be involved in an alcohol-related accident sometime during our lives. Last year alone, more than 25,000 people died in such accidents; an additional 1.5 million were injured. A disproportionate number of those killed were under 25 years old.

The cost of drunk-driving accidents amounts to over $24 billion every year in property damage, loss of wages, medical and legal fees. Not to mention the emotional pain to the victims' families and friends.

What is being done about it? Over the years, many different approaches have been tried: mandatory jail sentences, stiff fines, license suspensions, alcohol-rehabilitation programs, and higher drinking-age laws.

No single countermeasure seems to do the job by itself. Tough laws, unless they are supported by equally tough enforcement and the certainty of punishment, don't seem to work over the long run. Even with all three, probably the most effective single thing we could do is to examine our own attitudes about drinking and driving.

How much do you really know about the effects of alcohol? The facts may surprise you. For example, a lot of people believe that beer and wine are less intoxicating than other drinks. In fact, a can of beer, a glass of wine, or a 1½-ounce drink of 86-proof liquor are all about equally intoxicating.

A lot of factors determine how quickly you'll get drunk. Your body weight, how much you've had to eat, and the number of drinks you have over a specified time all make a difference. That's why it's so hard to know when you've had too much.

A common legal definition of intoxication is .10 percent blood-alcohol level. For a 160 lb. person, it takes about four or five drinks in the first two hours on an empty stomach to reach the legal limit, compared with three or four drinks in the first two hours for someone who weighs 120 lbs. Of course, your judgment and reaction time will be impaired well before you reach the legal limit.

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quest and that now or soon will face rebellion and likely civil collapse? Is it unreal to think that the day is likely to come when this ruling clique, in a desperate attempt to quell rebellion, would be moved to contrive the ultimate external pressure on its empire, its people, by initiating nuclear war with the Free World superpowers? This clique thinks they could win such a two-faceted gamble. I don't. Rusher's thoughts on this would enlighten further.

Douglas Van Patten
Carp Lake, Mich.

Courage, Catholics

Words cannot express my gratitude to you for publishing "A Priest Looks Back on Vatican II" [Nov. 12], by John H. Knox. It is the most enlightening and consoling article I have read in twenty years—years of anguish and alienation in my own Church. Father Knox has written on almost every point that has troubled me. I have reread it a half-dozen times. Just to understand how the disaster happened makes it more bearable and even gives one hope. Not that it will be corrected in my lifetime but perhaps over a long period of time.

I have looked at the two generations before me and even at my own generation, relatives, neighbors, friends, and I have seen many saints among them. But my heart aches for the next generation and its children. They have been fed stones instead of bread, and they are empty.

It is noteworthy that this excellent treatise on the modern Catholic Church appears in NATIONAL REVIEW. I doubt that any of the diocesan papers would have had the courage to touch it.

My gratitude to you and to Father Knox is boundless.

Mary C. Bailey
Little Ferry, N.J.

I'm certainly incapable of arguing with the criticism of Father Knox when he writes of Paul VI's "Hamlet-like vacillation." But I do question his wholesale blaming of that Pope.

After Paul VI had promulgated the documents of Vatican II, it seems to me that the responsibility for helping priests and laity 1) to understand them and 2) to apply them to their parish and personal lives belonged to the bishops of the world. Had this been done methodically—by personal study, by teachers at every level from seminaries and universities on down to the elementary level—the confusion and defection would not have ensued. The Catholic, strong in his faith, would have been assured that the principles hadn't been discarded; just the external staging (accidentals) had been changed: the use of the vernacular, the altar facing the people, and some historical modes of worship —like dancing—restored to favor.

Nor do I blame Paul VI for what to me is the gravest error of those leading the flock: "the general relaxation of discipline that amounted to a massive assault on the traditional Catholic teaching and *practice of asceticism*." (Emphasis mine.)

As I review these past twenty years—I've seen the results in our community school and in our still so-called Christian society —I think the main error lies in concluding, without reason, that Catholics are all mature men and women. If we accept original sin, we realize they are not.

The majority of human beings need structure to guide and support them. Catholics—like everyone else—need discipline. If they have not learned self-discipline, then when the Church ceases to demand it they conclude it's no longer necessary.

Why didn't our leaders—bishops, pastors, educators—study the documents and then "feed their flocks" with their inspired contents, a little at a time? Of course the strong in faith—priests, nuns, laity—weathered the breezes from "the opened window," but many left their Father's house because the decor had changed. And oh, the later regrets! ("There, but for the grace of God, go I!")

Sister Mary Lawrence Riley
The Academy of the Visitation
St. Louis, Mo.

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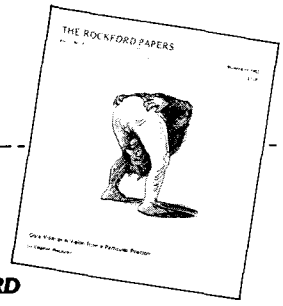

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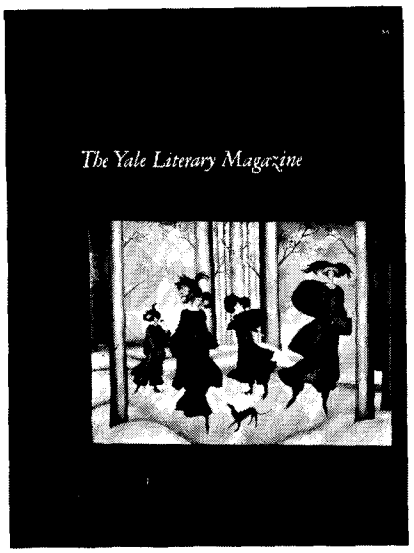

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Abigail to John

At the dawn of the American revolution, Abigail Adams wrote to her husband, John, that she longed to hear of American independence. She then expressed her hope that he would not neglect women in the new nation he was helping to forge.

From the Census Bureau in the past few months has emerged a steady stream of statistics detailing the findings of the 1980 census on social and economic conditions in the United States. The one statistic that stands out most graphically from this census is that for the first time ever women comprise more than half the labor force in our nation. This milestone has been reached only in the last decade, and the meaning behind this simple statistical percentage is nothing less than revolutionary. Perhaps Abigail Adams' hope finally is coming to pass.

Working women who are married now provide greater economic security to their families than ever before in American history. Their salaries are pushing family income steadily upward. In times of difficulty, they provide a safety net of financial protection. In times of economic health, they add measurably to their families' standards of living. Single, widowed, and divorced women have escaped economic uncertainty by entering the labor force and have helped sustain a generally affluent society for us all.

It may have taken longer than Abigail Adams expected, but women have become full-fledged members of the American labor force. At first they took jobs in newly created industries —the kind of jobs that traditionally were not reserved for men. This has changed dramatically in the last decade as women have climbed ahead of men in college enrollments, thus setting the stage for even greater career opportunities for women in all areas of work in the years ahead. As they accumulate more time and experience in their jobs, their income levels should increase even more.

Stereotypes are ending—and it's about time. The work force has changed. The transformation has taken place over the last 200 years, but the 1980 census shows that a significant milestone was reached only in the past ten years. The full import of this should have a sharp impact on social, economic, educational, and political institutions in the years ahead, as what's happened becomes understood and appreciated. Abigail Adams would look on this with amazement—and approval.

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FOR THE RECORD

■ At year's end, where was the Democratic presidential field? In motion, moving right. **Fritz Mondale** was deeply hurt that his announcement (about two seconds after **Teddy** pulled out) that he planned to be "a centrist" candidate was taken to mean that he "had reshaped his liberal principles." All he wanted was to fit his policies to what polltakers say is "today's more conservative mood." . . . Sen. **Alan Cranston**, in hasty bid to line up Kennedy supporters, indicated he was closest to Kennedy politically but perhaps an itsy-bitsy bit more moderate. . . . Democratic pollster **Dick Wirthlin** thinks **John Glenn** may be the one because he a) is perceived as a moderate and b) has a Midwestern base. The Republicans, says Wirthlin, will again in 1984 base their strategy on the Sunbelt. . . . John Glenn himself was delighted: "Any time anyone ahead of you in the polls drops out, that's a plus." . . . Rep. **Morris Udall** won the wriest-comment award going away: "I am authorizing an exploratory committee to investigate whether I should think about running in case there is a spontaneous draft." . . . *Washington Post*'s astute **David Broder** wonders whether a non-racist Southerner (**Askew**, **Hollings**) won't end up being the **Jimmy Carter** of the '84 primary season. . . . At **Ladbroke's** they're making book on when Teddy Kennedy will have pulled out of as many presidential races as **Harold Stassen** has entered.

■ Coming up: In the 98th Congress Majority Leader **Howard Baker** will again be quarterbacking for Reagan in the Senate; he and all other Republican senatorial leaders were re-elected, but one: **Robert Packwood**, who lost to **Richard Lugar** as head of National Republican Senatorial Committee. Among the things Packwood was not forgiven: labeling **Phyllis Schlafly** the "General

Heath, *Punch* Rothco

"Quite a good Christmas, really—my new Mom is much better than the one Dad had last year."

Cornwallis of the [ERA] movement" after ERA's defeat. . . . Howard Baker, by the way, placed first in Washington newspapermen's poll of best senators. . . . **Henry Steele Commager**, looking over the Senate and bemoaning the loss in recent years of many flaming liberals, suggests a constitutional amendment permitting people to run in states where they don't live, his version of the British safe constituencies. . . . In the House, Minority Leader **Robert Michel** is going to have his problems: 83 per cent of the new House Democrats want to slash the defense budget; 58 per cent object to any new cuts in domestic spending. . . . The media made loud noises about **Jesse Helms**'s defeat on the social issues last fall, but a late **Gallup** shows they are still popular. The people favor: school prayer, 73 to 27 per cent; the death penalty, 72 to 28 per cent; the new federalism, 62 to 38; only non-coercive busing, 72 to 28; a balanced-budget amendment, 75 to 25 per cent.

■ By New Year's, there were some three million Afghani refugees in countries bordering Afghanistan, nearly one-fifth of the total population. . . . The Soviets have brought out a new one-volume encyclopedia in which there is no mention of **Stalin**'s purge trials, just a comment about "the cult of personality." . . . On Soviet bookshelves *Sister Carrie* is apparently making way for *Valley of the Dolls*—**Andropov** is said to admire **Jacqueline Susann**. . . . **Maurice Bishop**, Marxist *Gauleiter* of Grenada, says his people are for parliamentary democracy but that "no amount of outside pressure will force [them] to hold elections before they are ready." . . . **Fidel Castro**, responding to pleas by **François Mitterrand** and other European socialists, freed poet **Armando Valladares** (after 22 years in jail) but, it is now reported, has cut off gas to the home of Valladares's mother and sister, withdrawn their food coupons, and refused them permission to emigrate from Cuba.

■ Pluses and minuses: The Rev. **Ralph Abernathy**, co-founder with **Martin Luther King Jr.** of Southern Christian Leadership Conference, finds Ronald Reagan "a very warm individual [who] listens," and praises the Republicans for their efforts "to destroy the welfare mentality that has gripped the black community." . . . Polish film director **Andrzej Wajda** (*Man of Iron*) has won the $100,000 Athinai Prize for "his contributions to human dignity." . . . On the flip side, the Communist-Party-lining National Emergency Civil Liberties Committee is giving its **Tom Paine** award to **Ed Asner**; and heading our way is *Who Dares Win*, an anti-CIA flick starring renegade **Philip Agee**.

■ **George Will** spotted it, a new political label by **Elizabeth Mehren** of the *Los Angeles Times*. To her, the American Association of University Women is "arch-moderate."

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THE WEEK

■ The holly and the ivy, the Salvation Army bells, Santa in the department stores . . . still, something is missing. It's not really Christmas until the ACLU hits someone with an anti-crèche suit.

■ Does the ACLU beef up its personnel on a seasonal basis, like H. & R. Block?

■ No, it *doesn't* stand for Anti-Christian Litigation Union.

■ The House has voted 245 to 176 to cut funds for the production of the MX missile, but is expected in further action to approve $1 billion for continued development. The President, in a memorable phrase, characterized the vote as "sleepwalking into the future." The Senate must now act, and approval of MX is expected there; whereupon the issue will go to Senate-House conference. Unless the project goes forward in some satisfactory form, the President will probably veto the entire appropriation bill and take the issue directly to the people. Senator Robert Dole, who has all but been nominated for President by the *New York Times*, played his usual public role once again: "If the White House thinks it had difficulty dealing with Congress last year," said Dole, "wait until next year."

■ "If it takes riots in the streets to bring about movement [on federal jobs programs] I would regret that . . . If all else fails and then people come to the conclusion that the only way they can get the people's attention is to create turmoil in the streets, well, then, I guess we have to go out and organize some turmoil in the streets, if that's what it takes to convince people." Thus Lane Kirkland, prez of the AFL-CIO—to whom we say that the statutes regarding disorderly conduct, property damage, and the like apply even to the prez of the AFL-CIO, as do the conspiracy-to-incite statutes, and that even the prez of the AFL-CIO gets a cell and not a suite in some watering spot like Attica.

■ VICTIMS OF REAGANOMICS DEPT. The *New York Times* reports the case of an anonymous letter, printed in a Des Moines newspaper, that blamed Reagan for making it "impossible" for poor people to live; the writer said he was unemployed, had two children, and intended to kill himself so his family could qualify for welfare. Unfortunately for him, investigators identified the handwriting in the letter as that of Lester J. Williams, a man wanted for food-stamp fraud in five states, whose two wives (present and ex) and seven children were indeed receiving welfare. Meanwhile, job offers came flooding in from all over the nation. NBC is sitting this one out.

■ Always praising where praise is due, we compliment the editorialist at *The New Republic* who, noting Marshall Shulman's questions in the *New York Times*—"What kind of leader will Yuri V. Andropov be? Is he really a closet something-or-other? Or just a plain old cop?"—commented: "A plain old cop? The man was in Budapest in 1956; he was a major mover in the invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968 and in the smashing of Solidarity in 1981; he was director of the KGB for 15 years, during which he was responsible for the refinement of Stalinist methods of social control. Professor Shulman owes the cops of the world an apology."

■ How many hungry people are there? Four hundred million, according to the United Nations World Food Council, and more coming. What do we do about it? Redistribute, of course. Vice President Bush, addressing the General Convention of the Episcopal Church in New Orleans, had other ideas. "American farmers," he said, "have been blessed with fertile soil and a favorable climate." But they also benefit from "the system under which they work. . . . Two hundred years ago, Thomas Jefferson wrote, 'Were we directed from Washington when to sow and when to reap, we should soon want bread.' All over the world farmers are being directed from their capitals when to sow and when to reap—and as a result, they need bread." Bush gave as an example the Soviet Union, once "the breadbasket of Europe," now "stav[ing] off famine with American wheat." Something for the UN to remember in its prayers, when it prays, if it prays.

■ Convicted killer Charles Brooks was the first man to be executed by the new lethal-injection method, and the first black among the six to be executed since Gary Gilmore went before a firing squad in Utah in 1977. Brooks received a powerful sedative and then a lethal dose of potassium chloride. Among the 172 prisoners

A Christmas List

Jolly old St. Nicholas, buy a van today:
What the politicians want won't fit in a sleigh.
Mondale wants momentum so he can feel a breeze.
Cranston, freezing in the cold, needs some BVDs.
Tip is dreaming of a new WPA.
Glenn sighs for an audience that won't fade away.
As for South America, everybody's hoarse
Yelling for another loan, unsecured, of course.

W. H. VON DREELE

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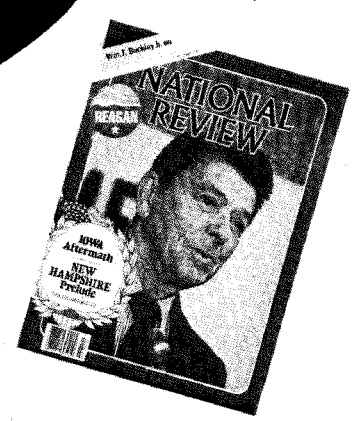
And NR should make an ideal gift for those hard-to-please people on your list—it's a year-long reminder of your interest (not to mention an indication that you think they are interesting people too). Again, don't forget the young people you care about: conservative ideas are coming back to the campus, so NR should be doubly welcome now.



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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Another salubrious ruckus has been kicked up by Lyn Nofziger, long-standing Reagan loyalist and former White House political director. What Nofziger did this time was send out a letter to some twenty Reaganite political operatives across the nation, inviting them to come to Washington early in December with the object of seeing to it that Reagan's putative 1984 re-election bid would be a "Reagan-Bush campaign, not a Bush-Reagan" one. Hearing about this in Central America, where he was traveling with the President, James Baker, White House chief of staff and George Bush's former campaign manager, telephoned Nofziger from Air Force One (first things first), interrupted Nofziger in the middle of a speech, and breathed fire and dudgeon at him for—among other things—being an ingrate (Remember, Lyn, I was the one who got you the job at the White House). Nofziger reminded Baker that their conversation was being transmitted on an open phone to the ionosphere, that there were other people around him, and that it would be better—wouldn't it, Jim?—to talk about this later. Baker agreed, but there has been no further contact between the two, as of this writing. Baker was plenty mad.

Ten minutes later, the President himself phoned Nofziger from Air Force One. He was not mad, and did not reprimand Nofziger, as the subsequent White House agitprop fed to the *Washington Post* would have you believe. The President's angle was: How do we handle this, Lyn?—especially since the press has gotten wind of the matter. Here's what I'm going to tell the press, Lyn, which should kill any impression of division within the ranks. Whereupon, shortly after, the President told the media the simple truth, namely, that his attitude toward a 1984 bid remained unchanged, i.e., no decision.

Nofziger's convocation did take place as scheduled (December 6) with 21 attending, despite White House strictures forbidding any government official to be present, lest the Federal Election Commission be drawn into the act. The meeting was not a let's-dump-on-Bush/Baker session at all, although the question was raised as to whether the Administration and the nation had lost a sense of what the Reagan agenda was. Nofziger told the group that he had advised the President of the meeting two weeks earlier, and that the President had voiced no objection, and that if he had, Nofziger would have dropped the idea. He had even stopped by Jim Baker's office on the same day to tell him of the meeting, but Baker was off turkey hunting.

All of this could be regarded as a minor intramural flap occasioned by some up-and-at-'em political rhetoric were it not for the larger issues unsuccessfully papered over since the Clymer Wright brouhaha back in June. At that time, if you'll recall, the former Reagan finance chairman for Texas sent out a letter to Reaganites calling for Jim Baker to be replaced, whereupon the President, instigated by Baker and Mike Deaver, wrote to Wright, telling him in effect that a blow at Baker was a blow at Reagan, and that he had full confidence in Jim, etc., etc.

Nofziger, Wright, and other Reagan loyalists have made it clear that they find disagreeable the prospect of Baker's taking over the 1984 Reagan campaign. Reaganites are better politicians than Bushites, they say, as demonstrated by Reagan's performance in the 1980 primaries and general election, and, conversely, by Baker's mishandling—a cut-your-losses defense, rather than an offensive strategy—of Reagan's role in this year's election. Second, there is the matter of just desserts: the Reaganites who worked for the President's 1980 win deserve to be involved in 1984. Third, if these spear-carriers are excluded from the campaign—and they perceive Baker as likely to try to exclude them, should he gain control of the re-election apparatus—they would manifest their resentment mightily.

Certainly, Reagan will have no serious opposition at the '84 convention (assuming he runs); nevertheless, he needs a loyalist base both there and during the campaign itself. Most troubling to these conservatives is the belief that James Baker and his subalterns are overly committed to strategic concession and detente, in the mode of the Washington elitist establishment, which attitude simply relegates the candidate and his troops to the fate of losing as slowly as possible.

Baker gets credit for putting Nofziger in the White House, as Nofziger is the first to admit. But conservatives around town say that it was probably less fraternal altruism that impelled Baker to do so, and more political calculation: he could thereby hold Nofziger close enough to buy off heat from the Right. Clearly, that has not happened—which pushes front-and-center the ongoing question: Will Ronald Reagan elect to keep Baker, or will he elect not to keep Baker? That election is too close to call. Meanwhile, we hear, Ed Meese is once again riding amiably along.

—CATO

---

on Death Row in his Huntsville, Texas prison these shots are known as "the ultimate high." Legal and technical problems persist, however. State medical associations have forbidden physicians to administer the injections, and the AMA has agreed; medics are used instead, raising the possibility—perhaps remote—of a botched job. A lawsuit is in the works that would force the Food and Drug Administration to take jurisdiction and forbid the use of prescription drugs. The FDA maintains that execution is a state matter; in the state of Washington, for example, you can choose either injection or hanging. As Brooks died, a crowd of fraternity brothers from nearby Houston State gathered to cheer the prison officials who, as usual, were being publicly harassed by the capital-punishment abolitionists. With violent crime at an all-time high, the momentum of execution is likely to quicken.

■ Mexico's new president, Miguel de la Madrid, wasted no time distancing himself from the populism of his predecessor, José López Portillo. De la Madrid used his inaugural address to unveil a ten-point economic plan that includes budget cuts, new taxes, and relaxation of foreign-exchange controls. Although he called the September 1 nationalization of private banks "irreversible," he made clear his distaste by reappointing Miguel Mancera Arguayo director of the Bank of Mexico—Mancera resigned September 1 to protest the imposition of full exchange controls. Turning to Mexico's other major problem—government

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This Fragile Economy

It's like a single daisy
  Among a herd of cows
That moo while munching goodies
  The bovine taste allows.
One careless hoof spells curtains;
  One chomp, and bye-bye flower.
And that's why Donald Regan's
  Digestion is so sour.

W. H. VON DREELE

corruption—de la Madrid said he would soon propose new laws and constitutional amendments to close loopholes that encourage corruption. Judging by the early reaction, the folks at home approve the steps taken by de la Madrid, and bankers abroad are breathing a lot easier. As for ex-President López Portillo, having spent his final days in office castigating those who had "looted" the Mexican economy, he is adjusting to retirement in a duplex penthouse in Acapulco that has been described as "something out of a fantasy." Its reported cost: $3 million.

■ Enver Hoxha has won a stunning re-election victory in his bid to remain dictator of Albania. The vote was 1,627,959 for, one against. No, we're not making this up, but in all fairness, we must report that there were actually nine votes cast against Hoxha; eight of them were ruled invalid. The Albanian news agency also reports that opposition leader Mehmet Shehu resorted to "the shameful alternative of suicide." Look for a unanimous vote next time.

■ Iraqi President Saddam Hussein blew his top at a press conference with American journalists in Baghdad a few weeks ago and indicated that his country, for ten years a major ally of the Soviet Union, might rethink that position. What touched off the outburst was the shooting down of Iraqi jets by Iranian ground-to-air missiles—something new in the Persian Gulf war—and the revelation, by the French news magazine *L'Express*, that arms, including artillery and ground-to-air missiles, have been flowing into Iran from Syria, Libya, East Germany, and North Korea. *L'Express* had gotten hold of and published copies of treaty documents signed a year ago last May that provide for Soviet military men to advise Iranian troops and for Iranian officers to train in the Soviet Union. This came as something of a shock to Hussein, who thought he was the USSR's major client in the area. The treaty is detailed. It spells out, for instance, that Soviet advisors in Iran will be housed in air-conditioned quarters and travel in air-conditioned vehicles. They will be fed "Western-type" meals. And, most interesting, they will be paid in U.S. dollars for "services rendered under the accord No. I-12442" to the Soviet account in the Central Bank of Iran (two copies of the deposit slip to the Bank of Moscow).

■ Remember Frank Donner? In the Fifties he was one of those Fifth Amendment specialists who would pooh-pooh hysterical talk of Communists, then turn around and decline to answer on the grounds that . . . Anyway, Donner has now popped up (where else?) in *The Nation*, there to unmask "the campaign to smear the nuclear-freeze movement." One of the smear efforts he cites is Joseph Sobran's July 9 *NR* article, "Rainbow in Central Park." In setting the record straight, Donner manages not only to misstate Sobran's thesis but to misquote him twice in a single paragraph. Why didn't Donner just take the Fifth?

■ Difficult to believe, isn't it, that the quarterly *Modern Age* has now been with us for 25 years, printing indispensable essays on matters transcending but always illuminating the issues of the day. Many conservative scholars, now in senior academic posts, published first in *Modern Age*, which also brought us discussion, of, for example, the work of Eric Voegelin, who has never appeared in the index of *Partisan Review*. Many of the distinguished contributors have been powerful twentieth century intellectual presences —Jaffa, Kirk, Weaver, Niemeyer, Kendall, Vivas, Bradford, Herberg . . . well, you get the idea. Congratulations to *Modern Age*, and to its editor, David S. Collier, on its birthday—and on a magnificent Silver Jubilee issue.

■ The United States Department of Agriculture wants to find out whether piggie-wiggies are comfy-womfy and cozy-wozy in the itsy-bitsy sties and pighouses they are usually quartered in. Here comes $380,000 in slops for the Aggie-waggies. Sooo-ie!

■ The city of Milwaukee is suing one of its own judges for being too lenient on parking fines to the needy and crippled. None of your quiche-eating government in Milwaukee.

Poison Gas, Shooting the Pope, and Other Good Works

A United Nations inquiry finds "circumstantial evidence" that the Soviets have been using poison gas in Afghanistan and in Southeast Asia. The circumstantial evidence included poisonous yellow powder dropped from a plane in Cambodia and in Thai border areas, in addition to testimony from Afghanis that they had been gassed by the Soviets. The UN investigators concluded that they could not prove absolutely that the

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Soviets were responsible, but the UN inquiry—though less thorough than the investigations whose dramatic results were summarized in the *Wall Street Journal*—was damning enough.

Meanwhile, in Rome, Turkish terrorist Mehmet Ali Agca has been talking to the police. As a result, one Bulgarian official has been jailed, a warrant is out for another, and a third has been declared a suspect.

What seems to be the truth in this case is that the late Leonid Brezhnev personally authorized the attempt upon John Paul II, after the Pope, in a personal letter to Brezhnev, had threatened to resign the papacy and join the Polish resistance in the event of a Soviet invasion. Agca, a Turkish extremist, was programmed by the KGB through its satellite Bulgarian agents.

It seems to us that this news ought to receive maximum exposure, particularly in Latin America, where the idea of shooting the Pope would not be a winner.

Stop the Presses!

Many in the West are wondering why the *New York Times* hasn't given more attention to the Soviets' use of yellow rain in Afghanistan and Southeast Asia. The answer is simple, really—and thereby hangs a tale.

The *Times* is the fourth branch of government—*our* government. What Russians do to Asians is outside its formal jurisdiction. The *Times* naturally feels itself under no obligation to treat foreign governments with the systematic skepticism it accords our own as a matter of duty.

In point of fact, the yellow-rain story was unearthed by a crack investigative team from *Pravda*—the fourth branch, as it were, of the Kremlin. Needless to say, it has caused a sensation in Moscow, where it is credited with helping bring about the fall of the Brezhnev administration and its replacement by the more liberal Andropov faction.

Over at *Izvestia*, *Pravda*'s chief rival, meanwhile, heads are due to roll. "*Pravda* really blew us away on this one," says one insider. "The boys upstairs don't like being scooped on the biggies—to put it mildly!" In the competitive world of Moscow journalism, that *is* putting it mildly.

Southern Strategy

President Reagan's Latin American trip—one is tempted to call it a campaign trip, such was the spirit of it—took him through a region which he, as a Westerner, may understand more instinctively than, say, Europe. California, his home state, belonged to Mexico longer than it has belonged to the United States. Los Angeles is closer to San Salvador than to New York. Brazil, his first stop, is in some ways like a huge version of a Western state—naturally rich, empty, developing. Even the smallest Latin American countries have frontier areas—lawless, sparsely populated outbacks.

A few thoughts on what he said and did.

1. "They're all individual countries." This remark, made on the flight home, has amused those who find Reagan amusing. Yet, though when stated so simply it seems obviously true, it is not at all obvious to most Americans, liberals included. A liberal Michelin for Latin America would read something like this: *Economy*—feudal. *Poverty*—crushing. *Politics*—oligarchic. *Military*—brutal and corrupt. *Unrest*—caused by all of the above. *Communism*—conservative bugaboo. Reagan has imparted a refreshing particularity.

2. The Falklands war presented Americans with two unusual phenomena. Overnight, American doves molted and became British hawks; and for once, they were right. Argentina deserved what it got even if Anthony Lewis thought so. But the United States' position rankled in many Latin American breasts. We appeared to be ignoring our own pleas for hemispheric unity to suit our convenience. Months later, the wounds were still tender. A little public neighborliness was in order.

3. Memo to: Nicaragua. From: RR. "Any nation destabilizing its neighbors by protecting guerrillas and exporting violence should forfeit close and fruitful relations with the people of the United States of America, and with any people who truly love peace and freedom" (speech to the Costa Rican National Assembly).

4. Reagan's last visit was with the president of Guatemala, and he set himself up for a second round of brickbats by opining that the present government may be getting a "bum rap" on human rights. He had solid reasons, however, for what he said.

General Efraín Ríos Montt became president following a coup of junior officers in March (he had won a presidential election in 1974, but had himself been ousted by a coup). Ríos Montt's predecessor, General Lucas García, had been presiding, by nearly everyone's reckoning but his own, over a chaotic bloodbath, caused in large part by semi-official death squads. The United States had had no military dealings with Guatemala since 1977.

Immediately on Ríos Montt's accession, the carnage in the cities stopped (the first desperados arrested in Guatemala City were five policemen). He invited outside human-rights groups to come and inspect. In the countryside, the guerrilla war continues. Guatemala faces all the usual suspects—groups with names like the Guerrilla Army of the Poor; a trickle of Cuban weapons; Mexican insouciance. The Americas Watch Committee, one of the groups asked in by Ríos Montt, charges that it is the deliberate policy of the army to exterminate whole villages. Guatemala strenuously denies this, although individual army units have certainly gone berserk. Ríos Montt has promised laws allowing political activity by March. In short, a sit-

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uation not unlike El Salvador's two years ago—which is undoubtedly why the Left is so exercised, and on the same side.

5. No one said anything about Montezuma's revenge.

After Kennedy

I. The Leave-Taking

Pleading parental responsibilities, Senator Kennedy has withdrawn from the 1984 presidential race, thus providing the American people with yet another example of his steadfast character, his concern for the well-being of others, his devotion to hearth and home, and his mature sense of life's true priorities.

Now, we are aware that there are skeptics. It is said, for example, that although Kennedy was the front-runner for the Democratic nomination, he faced a likely disaster in a general election against Ronald Reagan. In his most recent race, against Republican businessman Ray Shamie, Kennedy held his seat, but by a reduced margin, and those who observed his campaign found Teddy to be remarkably bumbling and inarticulate. He reads a speech well, but his extemporaneous remarks disintegrate into sentence fragments. It is impossible to imagine Teddy surviving a debate with Reagan.

Skeptics also point out that Kennedy has been telling associates that "they" would never permit him to run "on the issues," by which he seems to mean that Chappaquiddick would be rolled out once more—and there is no sign that he is any better able to address himself to that problem than he was when Roger Mudd devastated him on network TV two years ago.

But Kennedy is also certainly wrong in his apparent view that his candidacy could succeed if he could somehow be permitted to avoid Chappaquiddick and talk about the "issues" of public policy. Kennedy is a Sixties liberal, redistributionist at home and dovish abroad, at a time when the electorate is trending center and right. Kennedy almost always votes against national defense, except when some component is manufactured in Massachusetts. When our hostages were seized in Teheran, Kennedy's instinct led him to attack not the Ayatollah but the ill and exiled Shah, and he did so in wildly exaggerated terms. On a whole range of issues both at home and abroad Kennedy is out of tune with the electorate—he himself urged the Democrats to "sail against the wind," an invitation that did not meet with enthusiastic acceptance—and 1984 does not look propitious for an unreconstructed McGovernite.

II. The Field

The announcement of Kennedy's withdrawal, somewhat curiously, had a media life of about three days, perhaps because virtually no one, deep down, believes that Kennedy could ever be elected President of the United States. But the political consequences of his decision will be longer-lived.

Walter Mondale has inherited the front-runner's position and professes to be pleased, but the front-runner inevitably comes under heavy scrutiny, and what flaws he possesses are revealed for all to see. In 1975, Mondale campaigned for the nomination and got nowhere. He also revealed some disqualifications, viz., a dislike of campaigning, with complaints about Holiday Inns and rubber chicken. After several months of exertion, he quipped, most people still thought Mondale was a suburb of Los Angeles.

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Harrison Salisbury on Andropov

He's fluent in English and listens a lot
To Voice of America and *le jazz hot.*
He buys Orientals and covers his walls
With paintings that *Pravda*'s derided as scrawls.
He set the Hungarians on a new course.
He's pained when subordinates turn to brute force.
So don't be surprised if the fellow should say,
"On, Donner! On, Blitzen!" and jump in a sleigh.

W. H. VON DREELE

He may have toughened; we shall see. But his reply, on national TV, to President Reagan's recent economic message was whiny and confused.

Then there is John Glenn, and the problem here is whether the idea of John Glenn bears much resemblance to the actual human being. The idea of John Glenn includes the following: astronaut, patriot, a man of skill and courage, a person who has no evident vices. At the 1976 convention, however, Glenn lost the vice presidential nomination to Mondale, in part, at least, because he made a speech so paralyzingly dull that it sent most of the delegates and much of the galleries to the hot-dog stands. Again, like Mondale, Glenn has yet to prove that he is a major national politician.

Most of the others now being prominently discussed look more like vice presidential candidates. Senators Gary Hart and Sam Nunn, for example, would enhance tickets headed by either Mondale or Glenn. One interesting point is that no Catholics are considered in the running for the second spot—neither, say, Senator Moynihan nor Governor-elect Cuomo, both of New York, who would also add ethnic and regional balance to any WASP Midwestern ticket.

It is hard to credit, but George McGovern seems to be talking about running again, evidently feeling that his 1972 race was close enough to deserve a second chance.

In short, in the wake of Kennedy, the Democrats exhibit a good deal of disarray, with no major contender in view. That may be Kennedy's political legacy to his party.

Forgive Us Our Debtors

Late this summer a Mexican diplomat approached Kenneth Adelman, our deputy ambassador to the United Nations, with a request. Why not get started right away on those Global Negotiations for a New International Economic Order? In particular, he said, how about calling a bunch of international economists together in two weeks to map out a plan for freeing the Third World from Western exploitation? Adelman replied that he was sorry to put a damper on the plans, but all the experts were tied up: they were down in Mexico City helping to bail out the finances of the Mexican government.

The anecdote illustrates two things, aside from why President Reagan chose to visit Brazil instead of Mexico this month. First, some of the most delinquent debtors in the Third World seem, like the Ranevsky family in *The Cherry Orchard*, to be unaware of what is happening to them as they slip into default and penury. Second, we should expect no gratitude if we rescue them. Quite the contrary. The knowledge that the United States once again saved their skins will turn, in this morally inverted context, into a grievance in itself, galling to nationalistic leaders and breeding no end of future resentment. Certainly we are already being blamed for extending credit to Third World countries in the first place, thus tempting them to overindulge. Needless to say, those countries that squandered the loan money on current consumption and government extravagance, like Mexico, are angrier at us than those that made some effort to invest in future production, like Brazil.

Into this pool of resentment the usual anglers are casting their fishy lines. Cuba, to name one, has called for wiping out all Third World debts in their totality, which should give pause to any bankers who might still see Soviet satellites as good loan risks. Although the threat of default should not be treated lightly, it is important to realize that the real transfer of resources has already taken place; the debt crisis is, if anything, more likely to slow down the outflow of dollars and goods from this country than to accelerate it. That is why a straight default is in some respects less dangerous than a bailout—which would encourage the banks to open the dollar spigots once more.

The Right to Choose

Sometime this month, the Supreme Court will be asked to review two cases challenging the role Big Labor has customarily played in American elections. At issue is whether non-union members who are forced to pay dues as a condition of employment can also be forced to support political ends to which they object. While unions are barred from making direct cash contributions to any candidate or campaign out of compulsory union dues, they can and do use this so-called "soft money" to pay for such things as direct mail, leaflets, phone banks, voter registration, house-to-house canvassing, poll watching, etc.

These practices have long been under fire. Back in 1977, in *Abood* v. *Detroit Board of Education*, the Supreme Court held that compulsory union dues (as opposed to voluntary contributions) could be used for three things only: 1) collective bargaining, 2) contract administration, and 3) grievance processing; and, infer-

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Get it Free!

Bill Rusher's act of treachery—giving away the house secrets—may make him rich and famous. At home, we will treat him like the Rosenbergs.

—WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

If you have ever come away from an argument feeling frustrated, this is the book for you!

Like it or not you always find yourself getting into discussions and arguments; it seems impossible to avoid nowadays. Don't you really owe it to yourself to learn how to handle such situations — how to argue and win?

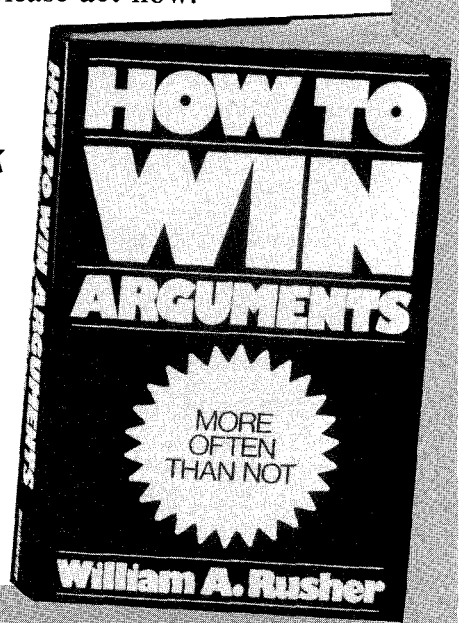
Sound difficult? Not when you have *How to Win Arguments* handy. This practical and highly entertaining book is by William A. Rusher (*National Review*'s publisher). Rusher, a professional arguer. *par excellence*, is eminently qualified to show *you* how to do it well.

You've probably seen him in action on TV's *The Advocates*, *Good Morning America*, or other shows, and marveled at his effectiveness. No one seems able to put him down. At the very least he's going to give as good as he gets even when defending positions popularly assumed to be indefensible. Now in *How to Win Arguments*, Rusher lets you in on the trade secrets and shows you how to acquire the skills and techniques necessary to hold your own in any argument or discussion.

This is not a treatise full of technical jargon — it's an enjoyable, informal guide to clear thinking. It covers all the basics from how to prepare for an argument to how to handle yourself under fire to how to allow for individual strengths and styles. There's even a fascinating chapter filled with advice from other expert debaters such as William F. Buckley, Jr., Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, John Kenneth Galbraith, and Phyllis Schlafly. As the book jacket says, it is indeed an ". . . entertaining and comprehensive guide to the techniques, rhetorical devices, and principles of successful argumentation." No argument there.

Right now, with this special offer, you have the opportunity to get this valuable book (a $10.95 retail value) FREE and postpaid. All you have to do is enter a subscription to *National Review* (or renew your current one, no matter when it expires) for one year at the regular $26 rate. Simply check your instructions on the handy card opposite, and return it to us today. We'll send you your FREE copy of *How to Win Arguments* as fast as we can and you'll start getting NR hot off the press too. Offer is limited, so please act now.

To get this valuable book fill out and mail the card opposite this page today!



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entially, that dues spent for other purposes should be refunded to workers who objected to those other uses.

In 1980, in *Beck* v. *Communications Workers of America*, a Special Master was appointed in Baltimore to determine just how much money the CWA spent for services directly related to collective bargaining. About 89 to 94 per cent, said the union, airily. But some months later, when the Special Master emerged from a maze of union records and ledgers, he reported, in James Jackson Kilpatrick's words, that "an astounding 81 per cent" of union dues went elsewhere, much of it for political lobbying, a great deal of it for lavish entertaining and international junketeering by union leaders. Judge William Barnes, on the basis of these findings, recommended that "CWA refund to the plaintiffs 81 per cent of the amounts heretofore paid by them to CWA."

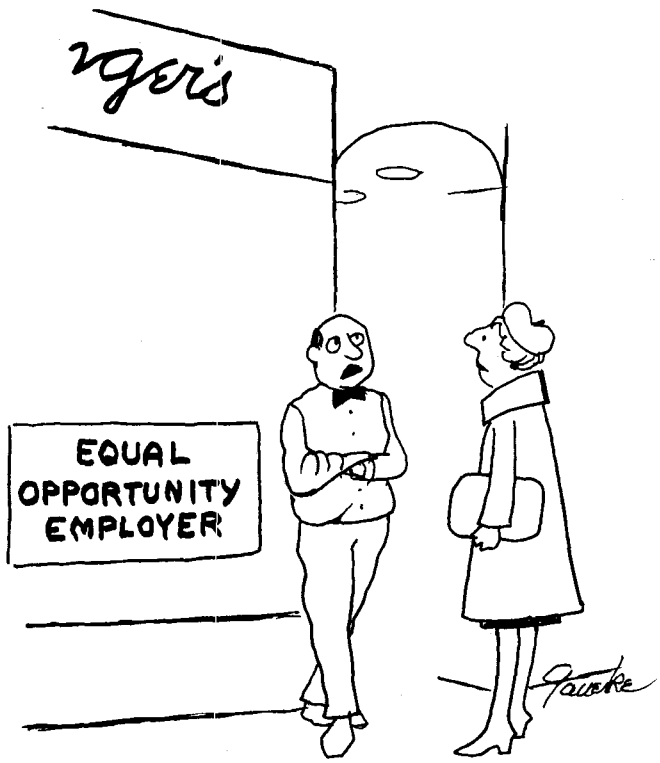
The rulings in *Abood* and *Beck* are important to the two cases on petition for review by the Supreme Court now, *Ellis/Fails* v. *Brotherhood of Railway, Airline, and Steamship Clerks* and *Knight* v. *Minnesota Community College Faculty Association*. In both cases the plaintiffs contend that money extracted from them was spent on political campaigns they opposed. They want their money back, but, more important, they are asserting their rights as free men to choose what ideals and what leaders they will support. If they succeed, they will, incidentally, also have played a major part in bringing labor under the same constraints as the rest of the nation in the matter of direct and indirect political spending.

Win or lose, they, and the nation, will continue to owe a debt to the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation, which has made it possible for the Aboods, Becks, Ellises, Failses, and Knights over the past quarter-century to take on the union colossus.

From Margaret, With Determination

During successive Liberal governments Ottawa's climate has been almost Muscovite in its hospitality to the KGB. When spy scandals broke, Canadians were assured that these were isolated incidents, not part of any major conspiracy. The kind of old-boy network that protected Anthony Blunt in Britain also worked to protect senior Ottawa mandarins who became involved with Soviet agents. When Tories would seek to expose cover-ups of security breaches, charges of McCarthyism usually sufficed to end investigations without embarrassing the government.

In this context, Margaret Thatcher's determination to smash the protective cocoon for British traitors may have major transatlantic implications. After a series of damaging revelations of Soviet spy successes, her government embarked on a concerted effort to reassure the public by convicting Canadian Hugh Hambleton. Britain's top prosecutor, Attorney-General Sir Michael Havers, was entrusted with the task of showing a court in Old Bailey that the Laval University economics professor was for years a KGB agent on both sides of the water. Last week Hambleton was convicted and sentenced to ten years in jail, thus putting the Trudeau government in a serious predicament.



"Now the authorities are after me for hiring illegal aliens."

Ottawa's solicitor-general has admitted that Canadian security officials nearly prosecuted Hambleton in 1979 after a captured Soviet spy, Colonel Herrmann, named him as an operative. Before his trial Hambleton was telling reporters that Ottawa declined to charge him because he had too much on senior government officials. When the Liberals tried to get off the hook by alleging that it was the short-lived Tory government which dropped proceedings against Hambleton, it freed former Tory Solicitor-General Allan Lawrence from his oath of secrecy.

Lawrence charges that Justice Department officials wanted to drop the case against Hambleton, but that he overruled them and was all set to prosecute when his government was defeated. Furthermore, he says, "there's been a general unstated policy as far as the Trudeau administrations are concerned not to expose or prosecute Canadian traitors." Lawrence believes that several former Canadian officials who worked for the KGB are living well on Canadian government pensions.

Hambleton was a big enough fish to have dinner in Moscow with Andropov, when he was head of the KGB, and to be sent on missions around the globe.

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What makes his case particularly embarrassing to Ottawa is that the Royal Canadian Mounted Police admits to having warned Hambleton not to go to Britain because he might be arrested—an odd solicitude by the nation's security forces.

Although the Canadian Tories have been a listless Opposition, Hambleton's conviction should rouse them from their torpor. If so, they can thank the "Iron Lady," as the Soviets so aptly named Margaret Thatcher.

Here It Comes

Rather than thinking of it as the prelude to the Orwellian year of 1984, let's think of it as the year 2736 *urbis conditae*, or, more appropriately, the Year of the Pig, as they'll be celebrating it in Hong Kong, come February, with jolly cries of *kung hih fat choy*.

Dialectical materialism will once again work its reverse miracle of the loaves, and for the 66th consecutive year following the Bolshevik Revolution there will be crop failures in the socialist homelands.

Some taxes will be increased. John-John will announce that he has not set up a Draft Kennedy Movement to thwart his uncle's desire to remain in the relative obscurity of the Senate. Italy will elect its 43rd government since the Second World War. The U.S. will bail out Mexico with $6.9 billion.

Some taxes will be lowered. Mother Rose will announce that she's proud of her family's tradition of public service, but recognizes the claims of personal life as paramount in all respects save a genuine call from a nation in need and a deadlocked convention. Italy's 53rd government since the war will topple following the announcement that the assassins' union has gone on strike. The U.S. will bail out Costa Rica to the tune of $3 billion.

Other taxes will be raised, at the request of the State Department, 90 per cent of whose employees will have died as a result of a vicious thunderstorm that dropped six inches of yellow rain on the Department's main building—making it painfully evident, after all, that the Department's air-conditioning system must be replaced, to the tune of $750 million, with a thoughtful dispatch to Moscow saying no hard feelings.

President de la Mierda of Mexico will ask for additional "bridge" financing of $27 billion, part of which will cover the expenses of a private research squad rummaging around Switzerland trying to find the first $80 billion. The U.S. will bail out Italy's 61st government (that was the one painted purple and green, with braided epaulets), and Teddy will announce that his family is growing up and leaving the nest (*nest*, n.: in political theory, used only in company with "of thieves"). The other fellow, Mondale, will look statesmanlike. Twice.

Other taxes will be lowered, though some fees will be raised, while some excises will be reduced, except that the withholdings will be increased, offsetting the reductions in the exemptions to the deductions of the credits, in order to finance approximately $211 billion of Treasury borrowings from the "money market," which is actually the New York Fed, which gets its dough from borrowing from Mother, who sells CDs on street corners (Cole Porter wrote a blue song about *that*) to people who borrow from banks, which borrow from foreign subsidiaries, which borrow from Arabs, who borrow from Swiss banks, who borrow from each other, mainly in Gstaad, the resort of the last borrower.

Thus the debt limit will be raised to $2 trillion, or table stakes, whichever plays best, and the steady precipitation of paper from the skies will drown out the "mournful mutter," as MacArthur called it, of battlefields stretching from the Baltic to the Indian Ocean, from Quebec to Tierra del Fuego, from Morocco to Mongolia.

Stocks will plunge, gold will soar, the prime rate will head toward 30 per cent, fortunes will be made in the penny shares in Denver and Spokane and Vancouver, Russian troops will attack Poland, Polish troops will continue bedeviling Afghanistan, Cuban troops will keep shooting in Africa, and so on.

Taxes will rise. Unemployment will rise. Taxes will rise further. The Year of the Pig is upon us. —WFR

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

If I told you that I have documents proving that a group of people is about to invade a small country, kill all its inhabitants (who are of a different religion and practice idolatry), and take over the land after it has been "cleansed" of its population, would you side with the attackers and give them your wholehearted support and assistance?

I would be extremely grateful if you took the time to send me your answer. It need not be long. A simple yes or no will suffice. For the sake of honesty I must add that the attackers are claiming that they are doing the will of God. This information may influence your answer. No righteous believer wants to go against God's will. Especially not William Buckley Jr.

Sincerely,
Myra Mishriki
Manhasset, N.Y.

Dear Mrs. Mishriki: The answer is no. It would seem to me that the attackers are the idolaters, no? Cordially,
WFB

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■ Memo to: Bill
From: Priscilla
Re: John McLaughlin's Oct. 29 column

In that column, "On Grading Shultz," McLaughlin reported that Myles Frechette, director of the Office of Cuban Affairs in the State Department, was responsible for the repatriation of a Cuban who jumped ship in Miami earlier this year. Brother Jim [James L. Buckley] believes an injustice has been done to Frechette. He says Frechette in fact *strenuously* opposed the decision to repatriate the Cuban and that there are internal memoranda to document the fact. I've checked with Susan Smith, who handles the incoming mail, and we have as yet had no letter of complaint from Frechette, nor any request for a correction.

McLaughlin was also worried because Secretary Shultz had retained in a key post, as head of the Executive Secretariat of the State Department, L. Paul Bremer III, who had held that position under Vance and Muskie (before Haig and Shultz). Bremer, it turns out, first picked up *NR* at age 13 and has renewed his subscription ever since. Could it be that he has developed a resistance to our arguments but not to Jim McFadden's promotional enticements?

■ Memo to: Bill
From: Ed Capano

Would you remind our library subscribers that again this year we will be skipping the issue of *NR* that would go to press Christmas week? The current issue, Volume XXXIV, No. 25, dated December 24, 1982, is the last issue of the year. Our first issue in 1983 will be Volume XXXV, No. 1, dated January 21. There will be no issue dated January 7, 1983.

■ Memo to: Bill
From: Priscilla

An interesting letter:

Dear Miss Buckley:

I am writing to thank you for allowing me to join you and the rest of the staff of NATIONAL REVIEW at the informal bi-weekly get-together those many months ago.

Now, if you recall, the discussion at that meeting hit upon the topic of Japanese typewriters and whether the advance of computer technology had simplified the task of typists in Japan. Mr. Buckley, who had just finished reading a book about computers, asserted that it must have. After the meeting, I decided to take it upon myself to find out just what was going on with these Japanese typists and to pass this along to you in my thank-you note.

In the past, the Japanese typewriter was an unwieldy beast whose vast keyboard permitted one to churn out only a handful of words per minute. Today, the keyboard of a Japanese word processor has only a few more rows than an English one. But on the Japanese model, each key represents 15 to twenty characters, each of which can be recalled by an elaborate "shift" mechanism. On an English word processor, one presses the shift key to get an upper-case letter or a special symbol. But on the Japanese version, one finds the character on the keyboard, presses that key, and then goes to another section of the keyboard to press the number of that character. Thus, one would press three for the third character on that key or 17 for the 17th. Once one masters the arrangement, I am told, one can move along at a steady clip.

Meanwhile, I would like to compliment you and your staff for the excellence of the continuing series of articles on conservative thought, as well as of the rest of NATIONAL REVIEW.

Sincerely,
Marin Strmecki
Office of Richard Nixon
New York, N.Y.

■ General George Washington
c/o Mr. William F. Buckley Jr.

Sir:

Though I have entrusted this correspondence to the care of a certain man of letters whose business situs is a scant 15 blocks south of Lord Howe's Manhattan headquarters, but who claims to believe in our cause, it is hoped you will forgive my indiscretion in so doing, for there are no other means by which I may refute words, potentially denigrating to your memory, which have been represented, by that learned man's journal, as having been written by me.

I *never* wrote ["Notes & Asides," Nov. 26] that the editors in question would climb the "George Washington face." Someone in the learned man's employ has a quick azure quill and, for whatever reason, chose to enlist it to particularize my generality.

As I originally wrote, I would never attempt to impart to these same creatures the tactical intelligence necessary to sully your effigy. It was my hope, instead, that the mere act of ascent, via rope or otherwise, would have been sufficient to place the trespassers under the jurisdiction of the very institution they have, once too often, viciously maligned.

Perhaps you will see fit to arrange matters so that the learned man's business will have need of repairing to Trenton before December 25?

Respectfully,
Michael A. Fusco III
New York, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Fusco: Trenton has changed. Christmas, I'll be in the Caribbean. Merry Christmas. Cordially,

—WFB

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FROM

Washington

JOHN McLAUGHLIN

Straight

Abortion Battles

THE EASTERN SEABOARD press has scarcely acknowledged the modest but real impact of the right-to-life movement on the elections just past and the role of those returns in triggering legislative and court actions for 1983. The East Coast Fourth Estate takes pleasure in pointing out that pro-lifers failed to defeat a single pro-abortion senator. What it chooses to ignore, however, is that no incumbent right-to-life senator lost his seat in the election, and, beyond that, three candidates were thrown lifelines (as it were) by the pro-lifers, while three others were helped marginally by their public anti-abortion positions. Mercifully, the press elsewhere in the country was more objective.

Take Minnesota Republican David Durenberger's re-election to the Senate. In its post-election analysis, the *Minneapolis Star Tribune* noted that Durenberger's opponent was "too young and too rich" and, "most important, he was not against abortion." The abortion issue reportedly affected one out of four votes, Minnesota having the strongest right-to-life committee in the nation.

In the Virginia Senate race, the Democratic candidate, Richard Davis, lost to Republican Paul Trible; when asked to name one or two reasons for his defeat, Davis cited his "misunderstood" positions on gun control and abortion.

In Missouri, the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* quoted state Democratic leaders after the election as saying that Senator John Danforth's opponent, Harriett Woods, had the election won until the right-to-lifers swung into action.

In at least two other races an anti-abortion position had marginal impact. In Nevada, Republican Chic Hecht, an Orthodox Jew and a spirited pro-lifer, defeated incumbent Democratic Senator Howard Cannon; Cannon had waffled on the abortion issue. In California, Republican Pete Wilson, who opposed public funding of abortion (retiring Senator Hayakawa, by the way, had not), defeated the unapologetically pro-abortion Jerry Brown. And in New Mexico, many believe that Republican Senator Harrison Schmitt lost his re-election bid in part, at least, because he had signed a Planned Parenthood letter, although there was a cornucopia of other factors involved in that defeat.

In the House, the pro-life movement lost twenty sympathizers, but not one of those losses was even marginally due, say those who have studied the races, to anti-abortion stands. And there was at least one dramatic instance where a conservative posture on abortion was a critical factor: Republican Christopher Smith's win over veteran State Senator Joseph Merlino in New Jersey's fourth congressional district, one of the most heavily Democratic districts in the United States. Smith had defeated Abscam-tainted Frank Thompson in 1980, but after that race the district was redrawn, with the redistricting further reducing the already tiny Republican base and giving the Democrats an even more overwhelming advantage. Smith, a former executive director of New Jersey's right-to-life committee, beat Merlino (who, in a last-minute switch, came out in favor of public funding for abortion) 53 per cent to 47 per cent.

How will the twenty lost seats affect House voting on abortion issues? This year the House denied public funds for abortion in three different votes, by margins of 86, 87, and 120 votes respectively, so the twenty-seat shift will not wipe out the comfortable majority enjoyed by pro-lifers on funding issues. Other aspects of the abortion question may be another story, however.

During 1982, the right-to-life movement suffered massive setbacks in Congress (and elsewhere) owing to its own internal scrapping. The main split involved one faction which felt that a direct statutory attack on the Supreme Court in the form of an act of Congress passed by a simple majority (the human-life bill) would serve to overturn the Court's ruling in *Roe* v. *Wade*, while a second faction felt there was no serious likelihood that the Supreme Court would submit to such an attack, and, therefore, any such effort would simply squander energy better spent to push a constitutional amendment (the Hatch amendment) to take abortion away from the Court and give it back to the states. Sobered by the effects of this split, pro-lifers are now straining to unify around an agreed-upon bill, probably one that would both restrict federal funding for abortion across the board and permanently (as opposed to current restrictions, which must be renewed annually), and invite the High Court to re-evaluate its decision legalizing abortion-on-demand. In their essentials, both proposals had been advanced earlier by Jesse Helms and Mark Hatfield, a happenstance that should help to reconcile the factions.

What role Ronald Reagan will take in the abortion struggle during the next Congress remains to be seen. He did intervene last session, albeit late, and such an intervention in the 98th Congress, were it to be timed to meet a filibuster obstruction (watch for arias from Messrs. Packwood, Weicker, and Baucus), could be telling.

THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT, thanks to Mr. Reagan's strong direction, is certainly pulling its weight on this issue, especially Brad Reynolds, head of the Civil Rights Division. During the current Supreme Court term—because of initiatives from the Justice Department—the Justices will review the constitutionality of several critical rulings relating to parental control over abortion decisions by their children. In an unprecedented step, the Reagan Administration filed an *amicus curiae* brief with the Court urging that special deference be given to the legislative branch on matters relating to abortion. To throw the weight of the executive branch behind the legislative process in abortion law (as opposed to ipse-dixits by unelected federal judges) has drawn applause from a broad range of conservatives here and elsewhere, and promises to bear fruit for Ronald Reagan should he decide to enter the '84 lists.

John Adams once commented about the American Revolution that victory was won a score of years before that fateful shot at Concord. Victory came when the people had become convinced of the justice of their cause. □

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Non-Event in Moscow

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

ONE LEARNS on good authority that the nerve centers of the Reagan Administration were virtually paralyzed by the news of the death of Brezhnev and the emergence of Yuri Andropov to succeed him as General Secretary of the ruling Communist Party of the Soviet Union. High officials and Kremlinologists, summoned post-haste, were colliding in the corridors of power, scurrying hither and thither with their advice to the President on the proper way to handle the new situation and the most suitable course to adopt.

In the end, it must be said, despite or because of this explosion of bureaucratic energy, the President said exactly the right things and sent exactly the right people (Vice President Bush and Secretary of State Shultz) to Moscow for the imposing funeral the Party organized for the man who had led it for nearly one-third of the history of the Soviet Union.

Yet objectively, as the Marxists say, the death of Brezhnev and advent of Andropov was a non-event. One old man had been succeeded by another one, not quite so old. The ossified oligarchy was still in charge, and nothing had changed, except perhaps that Andropov had made history by being the first Soviet secret-police chief to make it to the top. (Actually, could anything be more logical? In the ultimate police state is it not entirely fitting that the man who ran the KGB for 15 years should at last succeed where Dzerzhinsky, Stalin's appalling henchman Beria, and the lightweight Shelepin had failed?)

Ronald Reagan obviously recognized this fact. At his press conference he expressed the desire of the United States to work toward an improved relationship with the Soviet Union, but added: ". . . it takes two to tango."

The President's official message of condolence was also notably devoid of warmth, and Mrs. Thatcher's was even cooler. The British prime minister went on to use the traditional platform of her annual speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet in the City of London's Guildhall to say that she and others would be watching the new Soviet leadership earnestly for "solid evidence of a willingness to work for genuine multilateral disarmament" and for "signs of a greater respect for human rights and international law." In other words, Margaret Thatcher was letting it be known that the advent of Andropov to power had not modified her detestation of Communism. Meanwhile (to put matters in perspective), Andropov was making a bellicose inauguration speech.

I recall these events to underline the absurdity of the proposals and interpretations still emanating from various quarters. We have been assured that Andropov was basically some kind of liberal—a prime piece of KGB disinformation, this, which leaves one wondering what, in that case, is the right word to describe, say, Senator Kennedy or Walter Mondale.

U.S. Aggressions

Writers in the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*, along with dailies in London and Paris, told us that now was the time for President Reagan to make a gesture, or better still "concessions," to the Soviets to further the cause of peace. Against this background, was anybody surprised to see Mr. Georgi Arbatov, usually described as the Kremlin's "top U.S. expert," looking to the U.S. for specific action to ease tensions before the new Soviet leadership would take up President Reagan's offer to seek a better relationship?

What, exactly, did that mean? That the U.S. should pull its forces out of Afghanistan? Or restore full rights to Solidarity in Poland? Or stop deployment of the SS-20s targeted on NATO installations?

The pity is not that the President is unprepared to make concessions or that Prime Minister Thatcher is skeptical of Moscow's good intentions (it would be worrying if it were otherwise), but that at such a time the Western allies have still not pulled their act together again. Specifically, it is a pity that:

1. The Europeans got themselves involved in contracts to build a pipeline that will boost the Soviet economy and place Western Europe at strategic risk.

2. The President didn't warn the Europeans in advance that if they signed the contracts, he would put an embargo on the participation of American firms in the project.

3. Reagan then yielded to the protests and pressures of the European allies and sympathetic U.S. advisors and lifted the embargo, *before* the Americans and their European friends had agreed on a suitable revision and strengthening of the Cocom list of banned strategic exports to the Communist countries.

The French Won't Play

Point three is perhaps the most unfortunate of all. The matter of the Cocom list was of course discussed by those concerned, but when White House spokesmen let it be known that agreement had been reached, the French promptly disclosed that this was not their understanding of the situation. It was at this juncture that Georgi Arbatov, as a skillful executant of KGB maneuvers, captured the mood of the moment by suggesting that it was up to the U.S. to take steps to ease the tension. In so doing, he had presumably taken note of the fact that Europeans don't like it when an American President looks beyond short-term commercial interests to long-term strategic dangers and actually provides leadership.

In this situation, my sympathies are with the President and not with the defiant European leaders. If they want to defy somebody, I should feel far happier if they defied Andropov than Reagan. In defense of the European attitude, however, it has to be said that it was a succession of American Presidents (Nixon, Ford, Carter) who vaunted the concept of detente and set the Europeans on their present and potentially suicidal course of transferring high technology to the Soviets and giving them the money to pay for it.

President Reagan is the fifth incumbent of the White House since Brezhnev ousted Khrushchev in 1964. There lies the problem. The Soviet leadership may (now) be a gerontocracy, but it enjoys the great advantage of continuity of leadership and consistency in the pursuit of global aims.

On the democratic side, there is no easy way out of this situation. But it is high time the Allies got together, not just to mend fences or paper over cracks in walls, but to look at the whole problem of the Soviet threat afresh. □

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ALOISE BUCKLEY HEATH

A Trapp Family Christmas

ONE OF the reasons—I say one of the reasons because I could think of *several* others if I put my mind to it—that I kept on having babies for years after all my classmates were taking turns being president of the Planned Parenthood Association was that I always thought a big family would be such fun at Christmas. Which who doesn't, including people like me, who know? I know why Ben Heath, who is tied to me by the bonds of marriage, has the spirit of Christmas around Thanksgiving and the spirit of Ash Wednesday around Christmas. I keep telling him I know. "I know," I say. "I know. I know. I know."

I know we always get more glitter and glue on the floor than on the candles, and that I never remember to wipe it up until the dining-room carpet (new last January) is permanently (though not uninterestingly, I always think) spangled. I know I look absolutely insane crawling around in the snow for weeks before Christmas, putting candy canes on window sills and then galloping madly off in the dark, jingling sleighbells and shouting "Ho! Ho! Ho!" I know the newsboy would rather have two dollar bills than a $1.95 flashlight wrapped in green paper and silver ribbon with "MERVYN" spelled out in red Scotch tape. I know no one can eat those Cut'n'Bake cookies after the children have decorated them with green sugar and cinnamon hearts (Christmas trees), and then with more cinnamon hearts and melted marshmallow (Santa Clauses), and then with more melted marshmallow and pink crayon (angels). I know it's un-Gesell and not even altogether Spock to match candid blue eye to candid blue eye with a ten-year-old and say: "But, sweetie, how should *I* know why Polly's Santa Claus is really her father? Maybe her father *has* to be her Santa Claus, poor little thing! Maybe Santa Claus just doesn't *like* Polly. Ever think of that?"

I also know ten children who aren't going to see this issue of NATIONAL REVIEW.

I know all that. What I didn't know until this year was what Ben meant, every Christmastide, when he tossed out, not at all at random, the words "materialistic" and "spiritual." What I always thought he meant was that it would be materialistic for Alison and Betsey and Jennifer and Timothy to get a Chatty Kathy apiece, but spiritual for them to share one. I mean, that's what I thought until one afternoon last week.

That afternoon they were all in the coat closet (well, they *were*, that's all; they *like* the coat closet) making out their Christmas lists. Pam, who can spell, was helping the ones who can't write; and Alison, who is magic, was helping the ones who can't talk. I had my ear at the crack in the door, listening, because I'm still trying to hear one of those childhood conversations whose innocent candor tears at your heartstrings. You've read about them, I'm sure.

What I heard was my dear little ones calculating how much more each of them would get for Christmas if they didn't have so many brothers and sisters to share the loot. They itemized, giving reasons for their choice, the siblings they would gladly exchange for a hockey stick or an army bugle or a Barbie doll with a different dress for every single day of the week. From what I could hear through the crack, *nobody* kept Buckley and Timothy, which is understandable—let's face it—but not nice.

Then and there I decided (yes, *again*) that there is more to old Ben than meets the eye, and that this Christmas the Heaths would be spiritual. Spiritual *also*, I mean. At my age you can't just cut those old materialistic ways right out of your life. And by coincidence I happened to be reading, at the time, a book called *Around the Year with the Trapp Family*. Actually, I was reading it to find out why the Trapps play the re-

Again this year we publish a Christmas piece by the late Aloïse Buckley Heath, a regular feature in our Christmas issue. This and Mrs. Heath's other Christmas stories appeared in Will Mrs. Major Go to Hell? *now unhappily out of print.*

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corder better than we do, a fact which is widely bruited by those who have heard us, though not necessarily the Trapps. It turned out, though, that the Trapp family spends its year not practicing the recorder, as I had hoped, but "Keeping the Feasts and Seasons of the Christian Year," which is, in fact, the subtitle of the book. We plunged into keeping the Christmas Season of the Christian Year like the Trapps. Some of us (me) plunged more enthusiastically than others (Jim, Pam, John, Priscilla, Buckley, Alison, Betsey, Jennifer, Timothy, Janet, and their father).

Certainly some of the things the Trapp family does at Christmas are not entirely suited to the Heath family. I know. I *know*. And some—give me that much—I didn't even try. Like baking the traditional *Spekulatius* on December 6 (St. Nicholas' Day), for instance; or the traditional *Kletzenbrot* on December 21 (St. Thomas' Day), or even the traditional *Lebzelten*, *Lebkuchen*, Spanish Wind, Marzipan, Rum Balls, Nut *Busserln*, Coconut *Busserln*, *Stangerln*, *Pfefferniisse*, and Plain Cookies on December 23. Especially since the freezer was bulging with all those still Uncut'n'Unbaked rolls of cookie dough. Nor did I consider for more than one mad moment suggesting that everybody take a nap before Midnight Mass and that their father awaken them by initiating a procession from room to room with a lighted candle, singing "Shepherds Up!" (each verse pitched a half-tone higher than the last), though I think it would be lovely, myself. Maybe when Ben is older . . . mellower . . .

Ye Heavens

We *did* make an Advent Wreath with four red candles, and it was beautiful; but John and Priscilla are Junior Fire Marshals, and though they said it was all right to hang the wreath from the ceiling on four red ribbons, they wouldn't even *discuss* letting us light the candles after the wreath was hung. Anyway, I know perfectly well that Ben Heath would light off for the South Seas before he would light the candles, stand under the wreath, read the Gospel for the day, and listen to the children sing: "*Ye heavens, dew drop from above and rain ye clouds the Just One. . . .*" Even if I could get the children to sing it. Are your children *giggly*?

The Trapps say that "Silent Night" should be sung for the first time on Christmas Eve, and I agree with them, and the children agreed with me, which would have been enough to make me abandon the whole idea if I hadn't been so bemused with good will and all. It wasn't until I got the notes from Mr. Jones, Mrs. Miano, Mr. Segar, Mrs. Arnold, Miss Billingham, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Larratt, and Miss Bates that I remembered that the Fourth Form Glee Club Concert, the Grade VII Carol Sing, the Grade VI Christmas Vespers, the Grade III Christmas Play, the Grade II Christmas Chapel, the Grade I Christmas Assembly, the Kindergarten Christmas Program, and the Nursery School Christmas Party (to all of which I have been kindly invited) have three things in common: rehearsals, Heaths, and "Silent Night." *I quite understand*, I wrote Mr. Jones, Mrs. Miano, Mr. Segar, Mrs. Arnold, Miss Billingham, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Larratt, and Miss Bates.

I really didn't see how the *Christkindl* custom could go wrong, though. I *still* don't. In the Trapp family, at the beginning of Advent, everyone writes his name on a piece of paper and the papers are put in a basket, which is passed around as soon as the children have finished singing, "*Ye heavens, dew drop from above.*" Everybody picks a name from the basket, and the pickee, if you follow me, becomes the picker's secret *Christkindl*, and the idea is, you do your *Christkindl* a good turn every day until Christmas without letting him know who you are. It sounds simple, spiritual, and also fun, doesn't it? And it works out *beautifully* in the Trapp family. In fact, from the first day of Advent until Christmas, the Trapp household resounds with the glad cries of *Christkindlen* who have found their shoes shined, their doll houses tidied up, or the table already set the day it was their turn. But there *are* a few technical problems that I feel you should know about, just in case you plan to be spiritual next Christmas.

In our house, the first technical problem was Jim. Jim said he was too old for this kind of thing; and I said, what did he mean, too old: most of the Trapps are older than he is; and he said, not those dumb kids that sang that dumb Do-Re-Mi song aren't older than he is; and I said, well, if he thought he was too old at 15, what did he think I was; and he said too old at 42 (*never* tell children your age), but anyhow, I won because after all, I'm the one who has to sign his driver education permission slip—and also, if I didn't drive all over New England every Saturday to see the Kingswood JV wrestle, who would? Then the others said, what about Timothy and Janet? Timothy and Janet were too little to do good turns to their *Christkindlen*, so why should they be anybody else's *Christkindlen*? I said, I *must* say, this didn't sound very much like the spirit of Christmas to *me*, and I would take care of the babies' *Christkindlen* if everyone was so worried, and let's *draw*, for heaven's sake!

Jim Out, Jim In

So we drew, and five of them drew their own names and Janet ate one, which turned out, after we hit her on the back, to be John. So we made another slip for John (a piece of paper *our* baby has eaten is *distinctive*) and we drew again and eight of them drew their own names. I said, maybe it would work out better if *I* drew a name for each of them, and they said, No *sir*, not and have you know who everybody's *Christkindl* is and comparing what everybody did for their *Christkindlen*, no *sir*, Mother, none of that stuff. Jim and Pam said that if they could have paper and pencil and peace and quiet they could probably work it out by mathematical probabilities, but it was getting pretty late, so I called them up by ages, and before Jim drew I took out his name, and before Pam drew I took out her name and put back Jim's, and so on. (Well, unless I *tell* you, how will you ever know how to do it?)

When we had all drawn (which took far more time to do than to read about, no matter what you're thinking), everybody opened his little slip of paper "at a given signal." That's how the Trapps do it, and that's how we did it. I said: "Everybody ready? One. Two. Three. Open. Well, pick it up and open it *now*, Alison! Everybody does *not* have to fold their paper up again and forget the names they drew. . . . Besides, how could they? . . . Not fold the papers, for heaven's sake; forget the *names*! . . . Well, all right . . . all *right*, I said; *we're starting over.* Everybody ready? One. Ready—Alison, anybody would think you were five and a half. Two. Three. Open. ALISON!!"

So we opened our little slips of paper at a given signal (the Trapps said "a" given signal, after all, not *which*) (what

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irritates me is that Alison can't even *read*!) and everybody learned the name of his secret—*secret*, mind you—*Christkindl*. This is another uniformly joyful moment in the Trapp family. At this moment in the Heath family, Jim looked up from his slip, glared at John, and groaned. John looked up from his slip, glared at Jim, and made vomiting noises. Priscilla said: "Oh *Mother*, do I *have* to have that pest?" Buckley said: "Mother, how do you think it makes a poor little boy feel to have everybody in this whole absolute world call him a pest every absolute minute?" Everybody nudged everybody else. "Jim has John. John has Jim. Priscilla has Buckley," they told each other.

The nonreaders came running up to find out who their *Christkindlen* were. "Pam," I whispered into Betsey's ear. "Pam!" shrieked Betsey. "Betsey has Pam," everybody told everybody else.

"Tim-Tim, but don't tell," I whispered into Jennifer's ear. She flung her arms around Timothy's head. "Tim-Tim, I *know* sumpeen. I *know* sumpeen, Tim-Tim," she roared. "Jennifer has Timothy," everybody told everybody else. The baby ate her paper again, but it was all right this time: I knew whose name she had eaten. I had arranged for us to draw each other, because we're in love.

Kindl-Swapping

A few minutes later they thundered upstairs to homework or bed, and even over the rattling of the window panes I heard the negotiations starting. "Well, then, will you trade Priscilla for Alison and a nickel? For Alison and a dime? For me not hiding your shell collection? For me not hitting you in the stomach as hard as I can?"

Actually, it didn't turn out too badly. After a few days of such good turns as reporting that a *Christkindl* hadn't done his arithmetic because he was going to copy Georgie's before school tomorrow (and he just can't *learn* anything that way, *can* he, Mother?), or throwing a *Christkindl*'s cherished leather jacket into the washing machine (because it was so absolutely *filthy* he could have got *germs* from it, Mother); or taking the batteries out of a *Christkindl*'s flashlight because she reads under the covers after bedtime (and that's why practically *everybody* practically *constantly* goes blind, isn't it, Mother?), everybody was getting pretty tense, not to mention bloody, until one of them—I haven't asked which—found a solution: every Sunday now, they each buy seven penny lollipops, and every night they slip a lollipop under their *Christkindl*'s pillow. Well, I *know* that doesn't sound so terribly spiritual, but it's better than what they used to do. What they used to do was steal each other's lollipops.

I wouldn't want anybody to think that the baby and I have sunk to such a mundane relationship, though. We haven't had to change our routine at all. Every morning Janet allows her *Christkindl* to rock her a little; and every evening I rock my *Christkindl* a little. □

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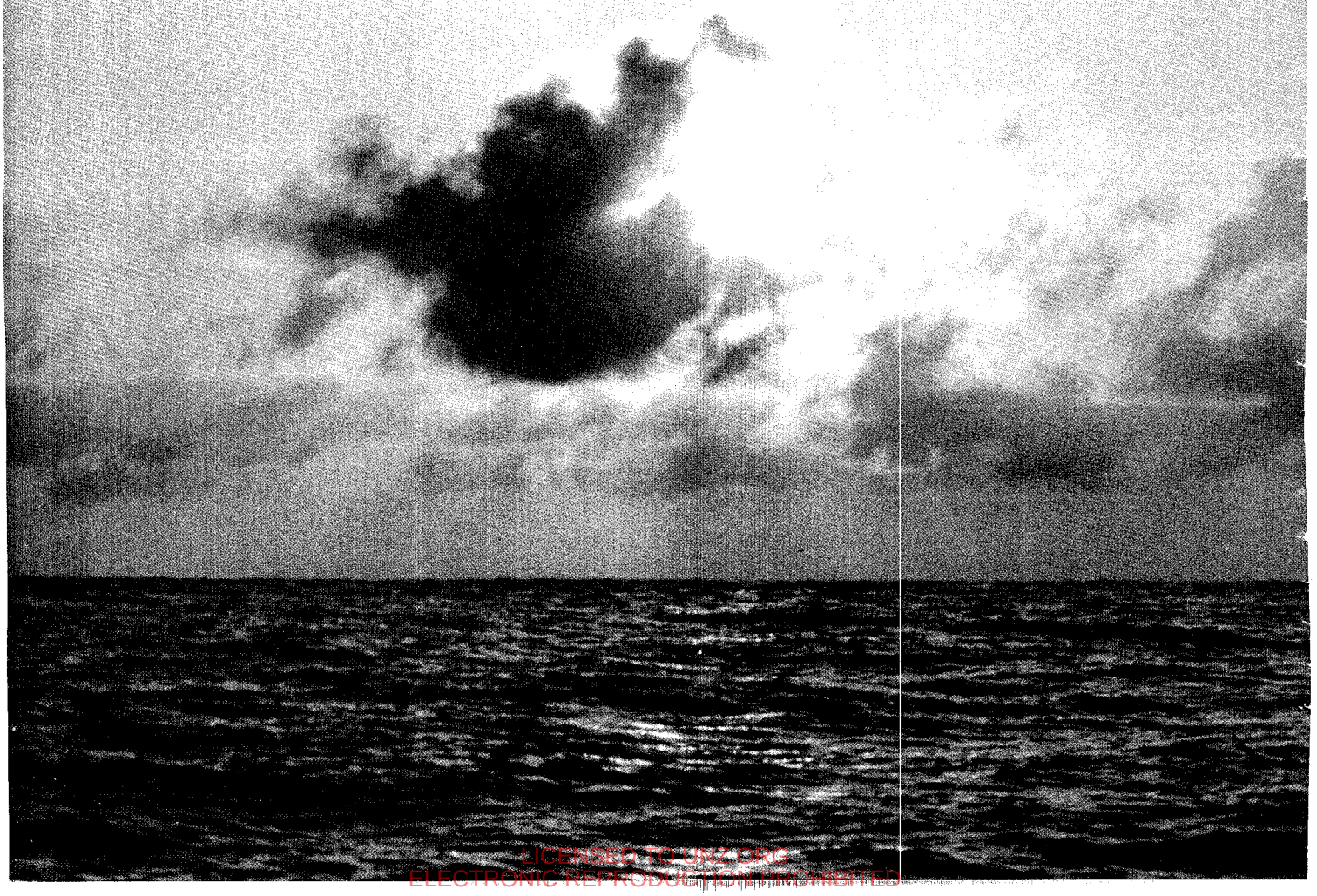

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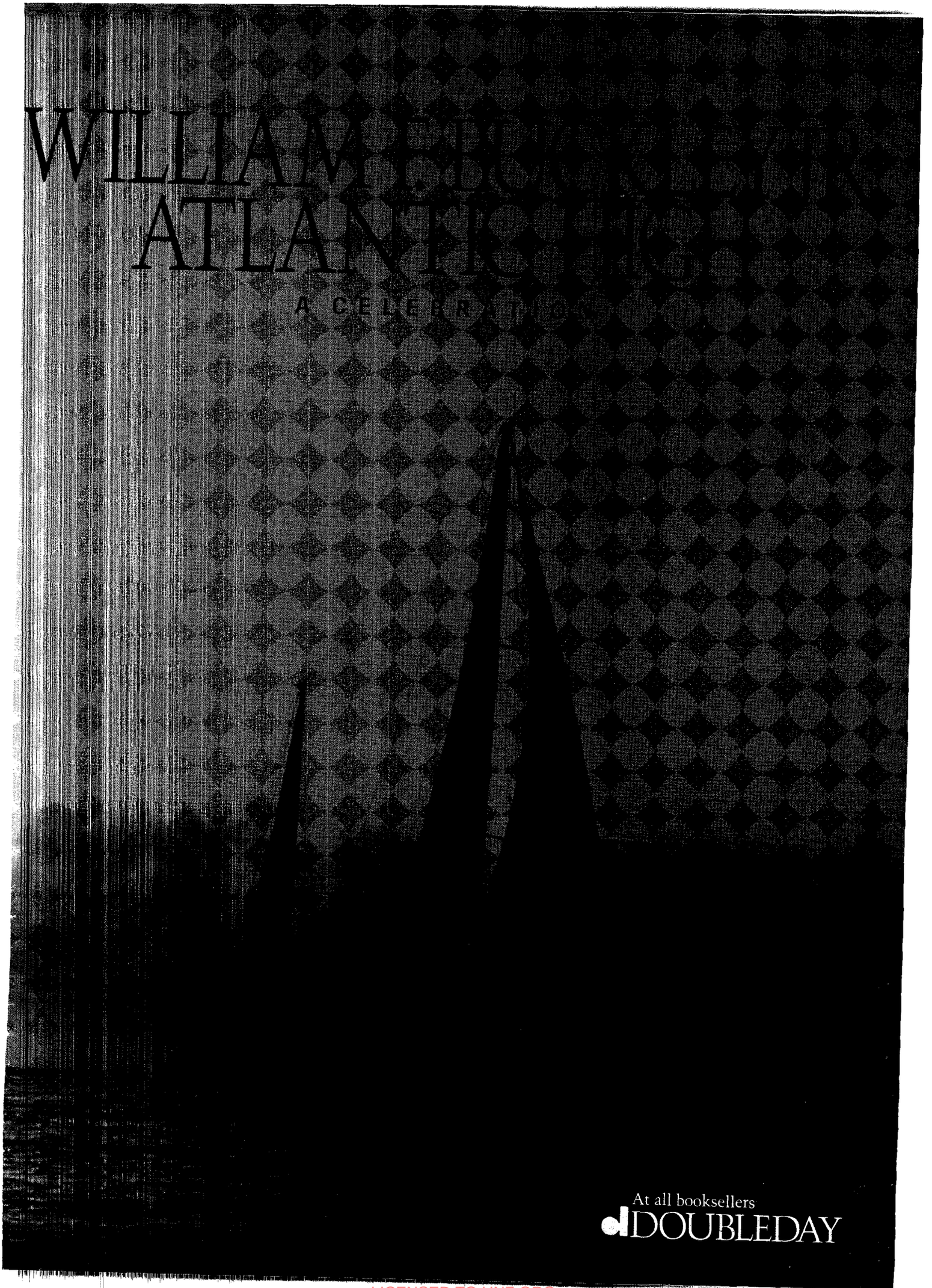

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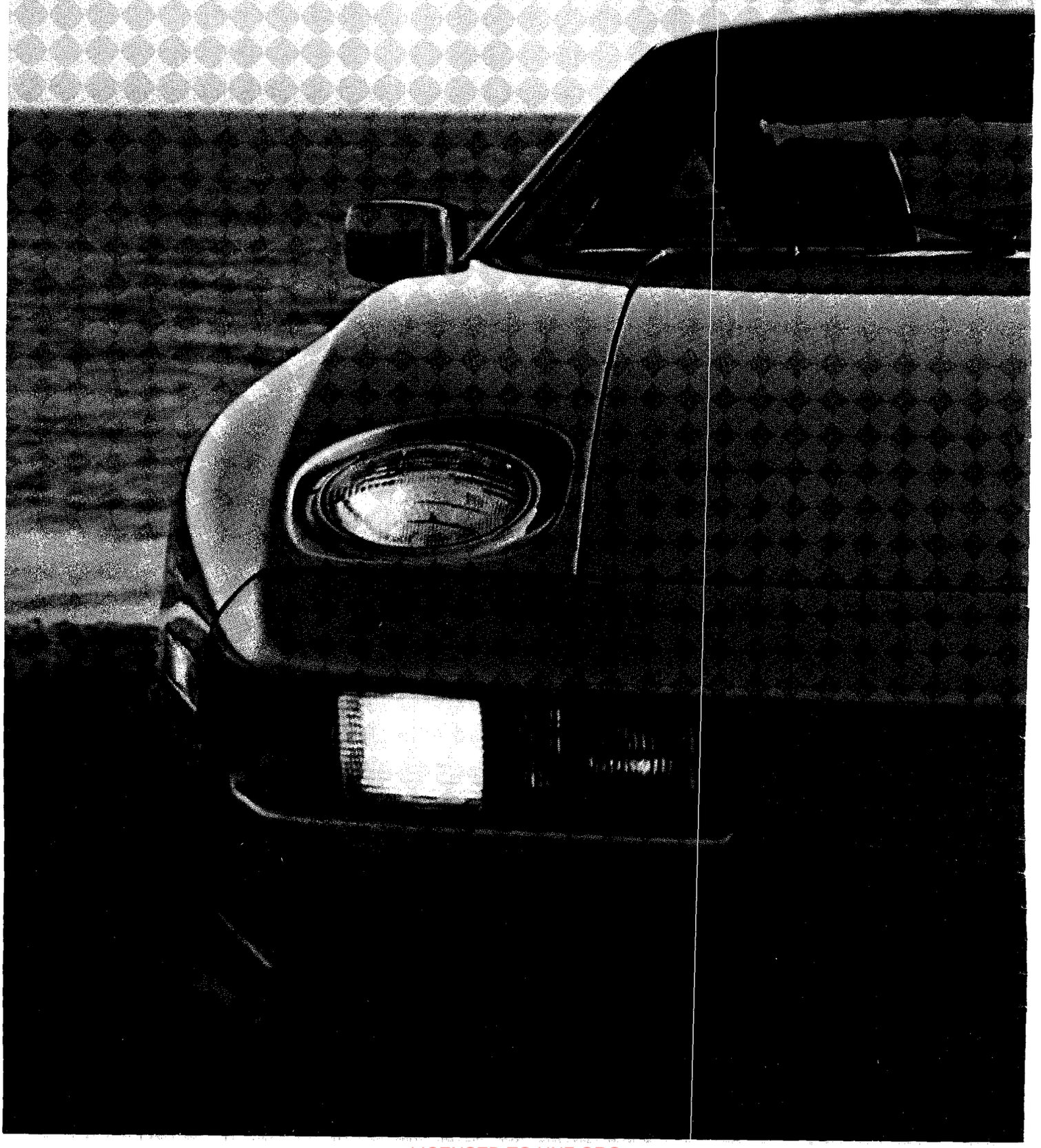

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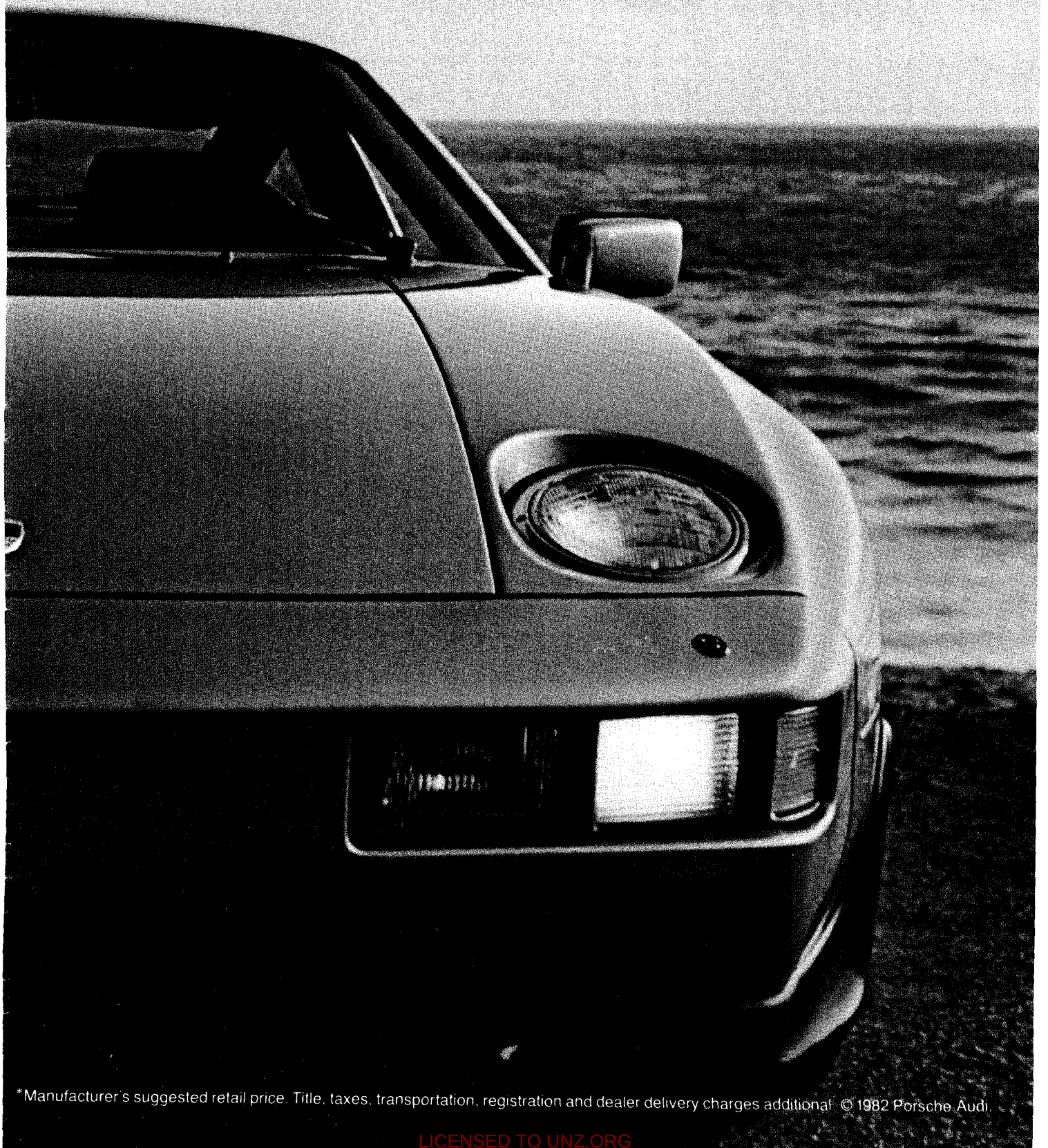

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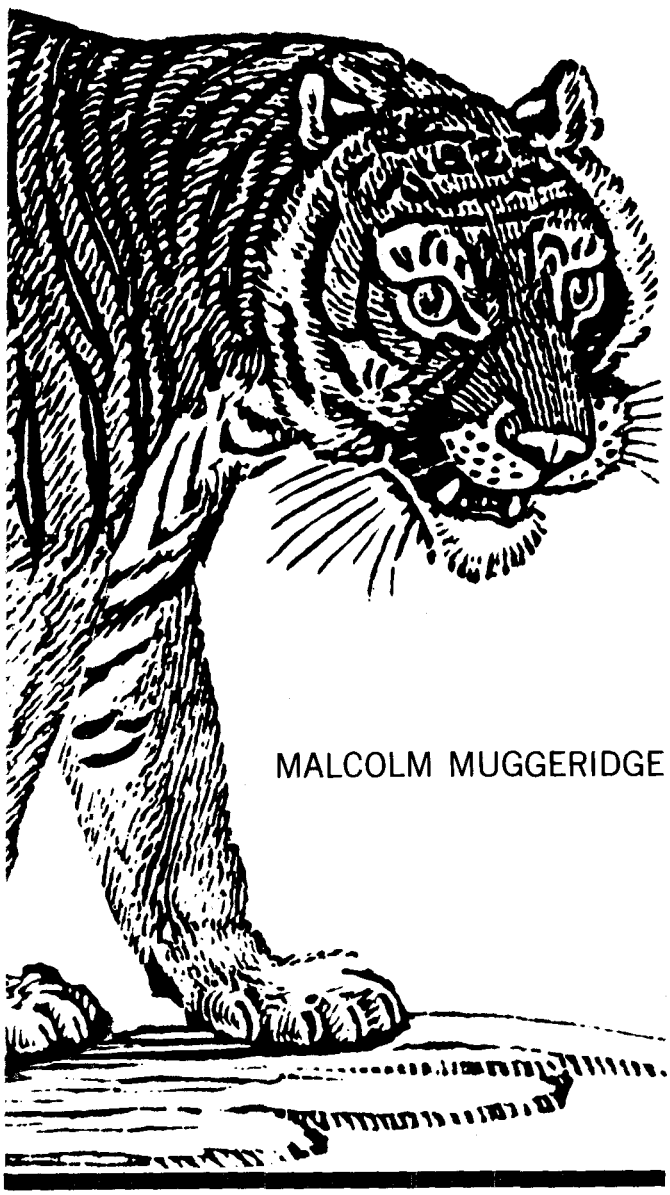
THOUGHTS FOR THE HOLIDAY

Nature is a Parable



MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

THE PHRASE "fearful symmetry" has haunted me for a long time. It occurs, of course, in the well-known lines of the English poet William Blake:

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

I don't think any two words have impressed themselves upon me more powerfully. At the same time, it is going to be difficult to explain to you why this should be so. Before I get on to that, I will quote some words of John Henry Newman, one of those throwaway lines that he uses so easily. I found them enormously helpful in looking for the reality of faith in contradistinction to the fantasy of the past in terms of history, of the present in terms of news, and of the future in terms of progress. They are apropos of passages from the works of Clement of Alexandria and Origen that he had been studying. He passes on this conclusion: that the exterior world, physical and historical, is but the manifestation to our senses of realities greater than itself. Then Newman made the observation that particularly appealed to me and particularly relates to fearful symmetry: "Nature is a parable."

Why this had such an enormous impact on me is that it expresses something that I have long been aware of: everything that happens to us or in connection with us, all the happenings in the world, great and small, the whole exterior phenomenon of nature and of life—all that amounts to God speaking to us, sending out messages in code, and faith is the key whereby we may decipher them. It sounds very simple, but it's somehow difficult to convey exactly.

We all know that wonderful passage in the Fourth Gospel about the Word which became flesh and came to dwell among us full of grace and truth. What I am talking about is an extension of that idea. The Word which became flesh goes on being written, not with pen and paper, but in each human heart. In other words, there is no definitive word, there is no final word, there is this endless communication to us, with us, through the notion of fearful symmetry, fearful symmetry being the reality that we find in these communications. It is, as it were, the book of life being written, a testament comprising every word spoken, deed entertained, suffering endured, a living volume in which is written a true revelation of God's word, explaining it to every heart and folding it in every passing moment.

Let's apply it first of all to Newman's saying, "Nature is a parable." Nature is not just something objective which exists outside us. Nature is speaking to us. It is a parable of life itself, a revelation of fearful symmetry. You have, for instance, the force of gravity in nature pulling us down and the force of life pushing upward all vegetation, all plants, all trees. The grain of wheat dies in order to be reborn as a green shoot, ripening, eaten, and then returns to the earth for the process to begin again. ⟶

Mr. Muggeridge, a former editor of Punch, *is the author of more than twenty books, including* Jesus Rediscovered, Something Beautiful for God, *and* Chronicles of Wasted Time. *This piece is excerpted from* The Wealth of Families, *edited by Carl A. Anderson and William J. Gribbin, and published by the American Family Institute in Washington, D.C.* © *1982 The American Family Institute.*

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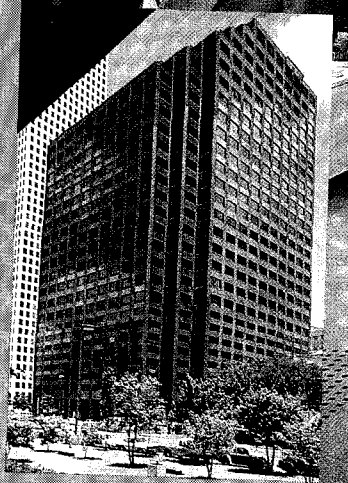
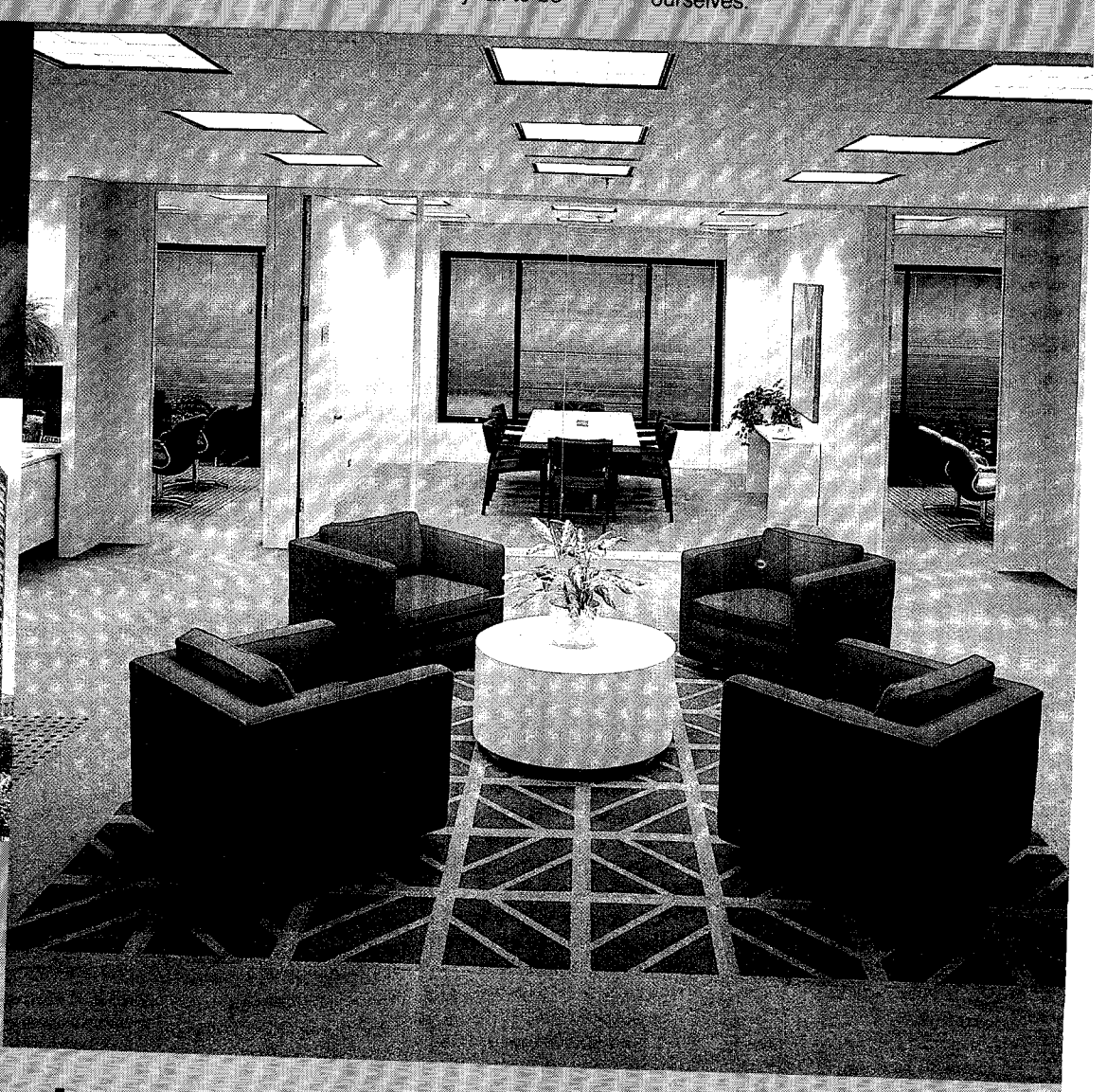
And whether they are architects, designers, specifiers, coordinators—contract professionals recognize this uniqueness, and respond with the biggest vote of confidence possible: specifying Milliken modular in their important installations. As Mr. Hindermann says, "We're real pleased with it." We couldn't have said it better ourselves.





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DUPONT ANTRON III

MILLIKEN
CONTRACT CARPETS

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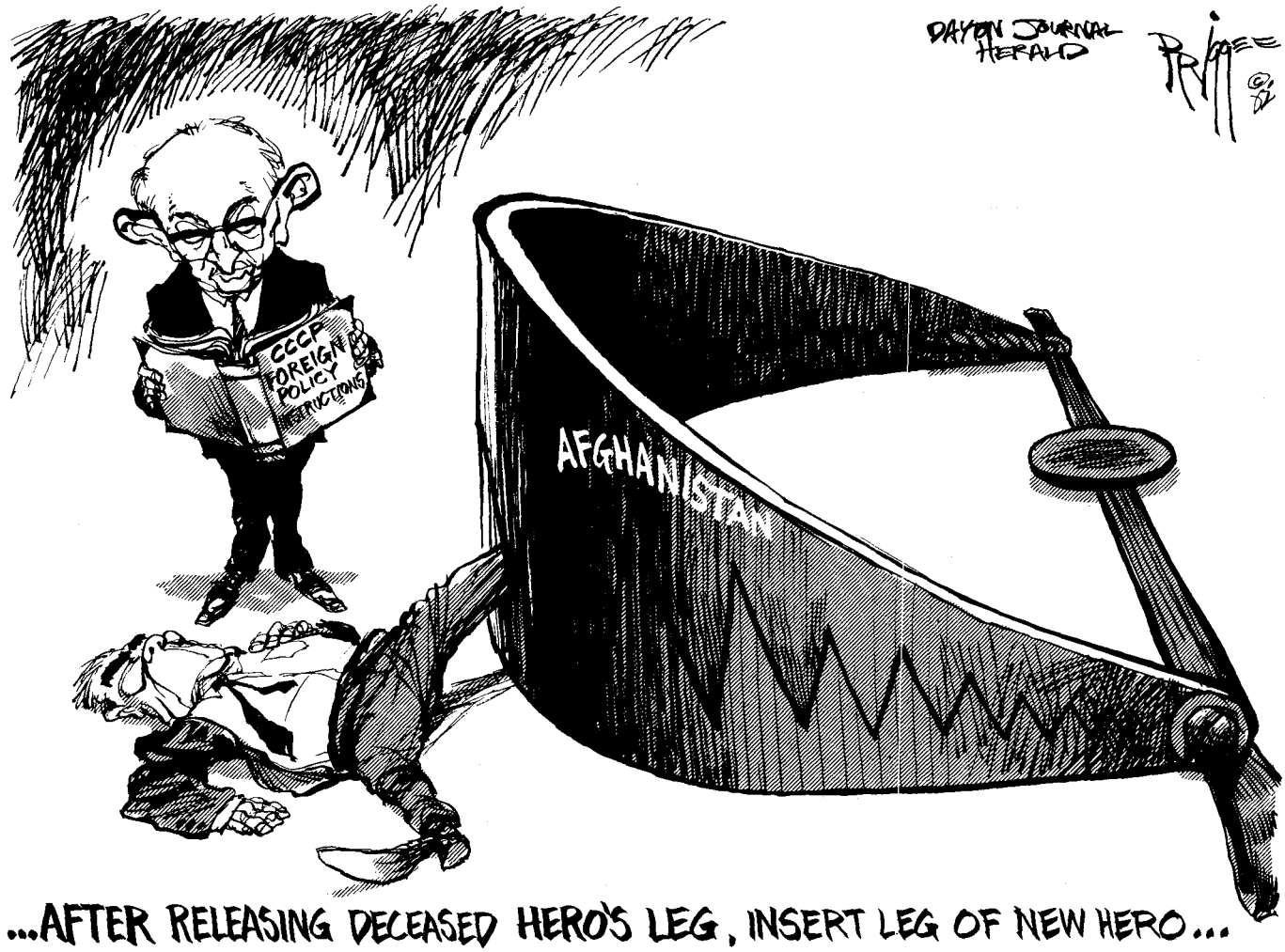
"Arctic Grain Supply? Listen—about my reindeer feed bill—what's this fodder-adjustment-charge business?"

"Mr. S. Claus and eight tiny reindeer."



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Yes, Virginia

Yes of course there's a Santa Claus, darling,
But a third of his workshop is shut.
Half the elves have been furloughed or fired,
While the reindeer are frankly a glut.
Mrs. Claus, bless her heart, is exhausted,
What with hubby ho-hoing at lunch,
And that nose which resembles a cherry
Comes from boredom and holiday punch.

W. H. VON DREELE

Ross Rothco

"Get your own supper—I swept the whole of Red Square today!"

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I have tremendous feeling about this because, in old age, a stage I've now reached, one is particularly conscious of this endless repetition of a cycle in nature, a cycle which one's grandchildren draw to one's attention, recalling how their begetters were begotten, recalling odd gestures and little tricks of expression.

This is very wonderful, this cycle. This is the great beauty of life revealed in fearful symmetry, this marvelous, continuing creativity in life. How sad and desolating it is that today the family, which expresses this continuity, should be under grave attack. The love that affirms the family, the joy engendered by it, the sublime fulfillment of a new life coming into the world, all are reduced to a sterile pursuit of erotic excitement.

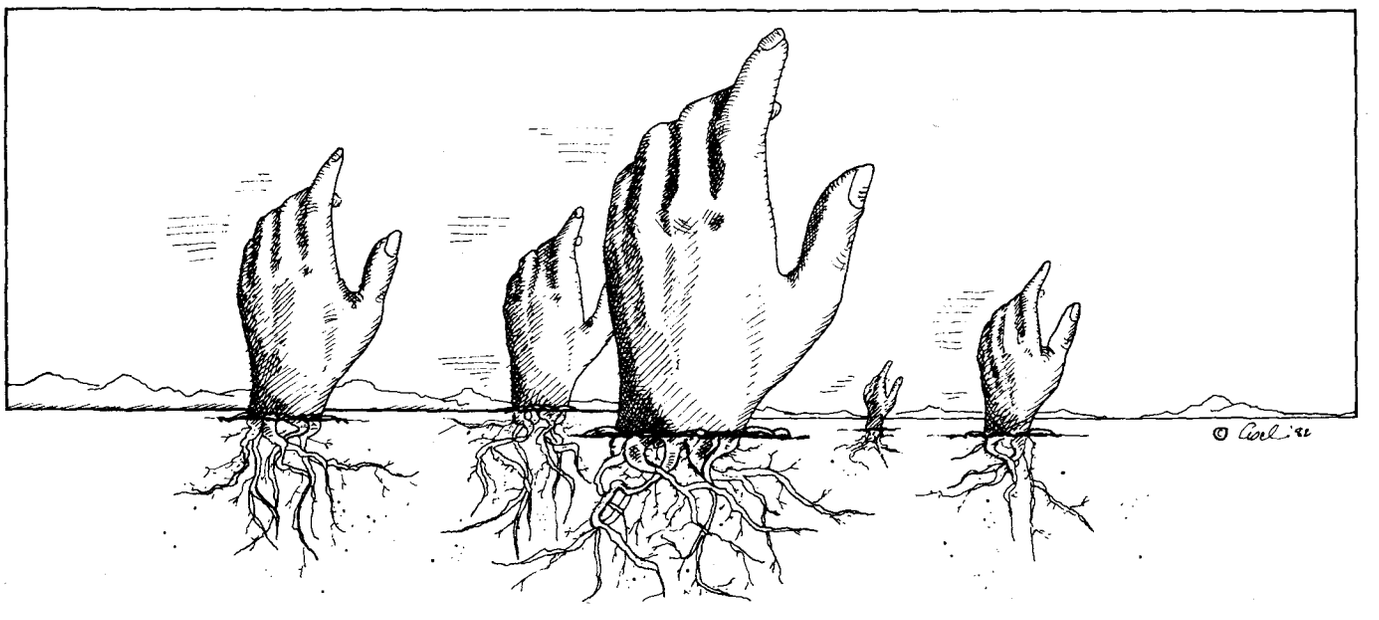
We live encased in fantasy, perhaps more than any generation of human beings ever has. Think just of television, the screen into which Western people look for hours each day. If we view the world conveyed as fantasy, fearful symmetry lies behind it. We can dig into it and find this fearful symmetry and relate ourselves once again to the reality of life, its true meaning as distinct from outward seeming, the meaning which God through nature, through happenings, through affliction, through all that constitutes our life and being in time and mortality, is trying to tell us.

Irony and humor are very powerful instruments in this process. The mystic can look into life and see its fearful symmetry; but also, through humor, through comedy, we can make the same discoveries and reach the same deductions. I became professionally involved in this exploration of humor when I was editor of *Punch*, a magazine you may have heard of. It was ostensibly funny, but painfully unfunny too, at times. Nobody ever had a more painful and unrewarding occupation than trying to make the English laugh. I wouldn't wish my worst enemy such a task. The sort of thing that would happen would be that you would get a letter, usually from a clergyman in the home counties, saying that he didn't understand the joke on page seven, whereupon you would undertake the dreadful task of trying to explain to him the joke on page seven, whereupon he would invariably write back and say, "Now I understand the joke on page seven, but it doesn't make me laugh."

Such jokes were the outward and visible signs of the irony and humor that we were attempting at *Punch*, and what we were attempting was in its own way a quest for fearful symmetry. But it was fearful symmetry that expressed absurdity rather than the wonderful mystical truths I have been talking about. Perhaps I can best illustrate what I am talking about by means of examples. Mr. Anderson, my editor, mentioned my figure in Madame Tussaud's. What happens when you become a waxwork in Madame Tussaud's is that you are summoned there in a somewhat peremptory way, and you go along, and the first thing that happens is that someone brings in a tray of eyeballs. These are matched up, you see, to your eyes to make sure that they are correct. And then, after having done that, they proceed with the figure. They measure you and waxwork you, and get some clothes together, and set you up. At the same time, when they've finished all that, as a special treat, you are allowed to go and look down in the nether regions of Madame Tussaud's. There is a strange underground world there where bits of old waxworks lie around. You may find Gandhi's leg, an Archbishop of Canterbury's rump, Sophia Loren's bust, or something of that sort, in the debris of broken figures.

The particular aspect of this scene to which I wanted to draw your attention is the discovery I made that there were down there no less than six heads of Harold Wilson, who was then the prime minister. I inquired as to why there should be six heads. What was the meaning of it? What were these six heads saying to me? I eventually learned what had happened. During Mr. Wilson's tenure in office, his head had grown bigger. Now already we're in the realm of the absurd; but I then asked my guide why the waxworks kept the six heads and he explained that they thought perhaps, out of office, Mr. Wilson's head might shrink again. Then they would be able to use up the other heads. Isn't that a marvelous example of the absurd aspect of fearful symmetry?

Our work on *Punch* was valuable training in the perception of fearful symmetry. We would think of funny things that eminent people might do or say that would make them look a bit ridiculous; and we would nearly always find that the people concerned would thereupon do something quite seriously, as part of their way of life, which made our poor efforts at humor seem pallid and uninteresting.



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Built into life there is a strong vein of irony, for which we should be grateful to our Creator. For it is this very irony which helps us find our way through the fantasy that encompasses us to the reality of our existence

I remember particularly one instance concerning an Archbishop of Canterbury. Now, an Archbishop of Canterbury is a good subject for experimentation in the more absurd aspects of fearful symmetry; and we at *Punch* did our best to do justice to this great opportunity. But you know, we were outdone by the Archbishop himself. He went to a performance of the musical *Godspell* and, at the end of the production, jumped up excitedly in his seat and shouted out, "Long live God."

Now, here's an exercise for you. Having tried to be a little humorous at the Archbishop's expense, how would you feel if you suddenly were confronted with this amazing shout, "Long live God"? As I reflected at the time, it was as though a mathematician should leap up and say, "Carry on, Eternity" or "Keep it going, Infinity." Indeed, the quest for absurdity is almost interminable. But you cannot really top the situation that arose when, after the papers announced that there had been last year fifty million abortions worldwide, a holocaust indeed—while that item was in the papers, the whole Western world glued its eyes upon the fertilization of a human egg in a test tube.

The juxtaposition of those two events illustrates the more macabre side of fearful symmetry. The murder of fifty million babies puts old Herod quite in the shade; he was a mere beginner compared with the "humane" people who perform abortions. They fail to perceive the fearful symmetry of events and see nothing incompatible in knocking off fifty million babies and then being completely absorbed with the fertilization of a human egg in a test tube. Probably it's the biggest instance of fearful symmetry now at this moment before us. Corresponding to the Holocaust in Germany, there is this other holocaust being carried out, the incredible slaughter of children. And then what is also deeply sinister is the increasing practice of killing off the aged and senile people and mental defectives and mentally handicapped people, all, also, in the interest of compassion. When you see that, of course, presented in the media in terms of fantasy, then you don't really get the message, you don't see what a terrible irony it is that there should be this other holocaust taking place which is supposed to be the exact opposite of a holocaust. Then you go one step further in your exploration, and you find that, in fact, that other Holocaust was itself based upon compassionate, merciful feelings. The legal arrangements under which the German Holocaust took place were not arrogant decrees by Himmler, or the SS, or the Gestapo. They were based upon the very humane and compassionate legal arrangements made in the Weimar Republic for just such practice of euthanasia as we are at present engaged in.

Those are the humorous and macabre instances of fearful symmetry, but there is another way of looking at it. I think of Mother Teresa and the film we made about her. In that film, I asked her whether she's quite sure that, in view of the general supposition that India is suffering from a population explosion, it's really sensible to keep these babies in her children's clinic alive. Many of them are found in dustbins and brought to her in all sorts of ways. She didn't answer my question. She simply picked up one of the babies, an absolutely minute baby, one of the smallest babies I have ever seen, and she held it up exultantly, and she said, "Look, there's life in it."

Now it seemed to me that in that manifestation of the sublime aspect of fearful symmetry, she provided the right answer. "Look, there's life in it." Life is sacred. Life is from God, our Creator. Life, with its infinite potentialities, is destroyed at our peril. That's Mother Teresa's message, and her gesture perfectly conveyed it.

Actually, going back for a minute, we can see that irony and humor are instruments also in the revelation of fearful symmetry. You have, on the one hand, mysticism and, on the other, ribaldry. They both make the same revelation of what is shown to us. It is symbolized, of course, by the interesting fact that, on cathedrals, you have a gargoyle and a steeple: the steeple climbing into the sky conveys the notion of reaching upward to relate ourselves to eternity, and the little grinning gargoyle bends downward to earth to relate us to all the absurdities and monstrosities of our earthly existence.

At *Punch*, we used to exercise our minds about what this thing was, this humor we were engaged in producing, and how it related to explorations of life and our existence. We came to the conclusion that you could define it in these terms: you could say that humor is an expression, in terms of the grotesque, of the inexorable disparity between human aspiration and human performance. That, of course, is why all the earliest jokes are sex jokes—because there is no human activity which more reveals the inexorable disparity between human aspiration and human performance. There, I may say, is a joke that, as the years roll on, gets funnier and funnier.

What I am trying to say is that built into life there is a strong vein of irony, for which we should be grateful to our Creator. For it is this very irony which helps us find our way through the fantasy that encompasses us to the reality of our existence. God has mercifully made the diversions whereby we seek to evade reality (pursuit of power, of sensual satisfaction, of money, of learning, of celebrity, of happiness) so manifestly and preposterously unrewarding that we are forced to turn to Him for help and mercy. We seek wealth and we find we've accumulated worthless pieces of paper. We seek security and we find we've acquired the means to blow ourselves and our little world to smithereens. We seek calm indulgence only to find ourselves involved in erotomania. Looking for freedom, we fall individually into the

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If one can see into the meaning of nature, of happenings, and of our mortal existence, it is all incredibly beautiful. How beautiful is the earth, how beautiful is love between human beings

servitude of self-gratification or, collectively, into a Gulag Archipelago.

We look back on history and what do we see? Empires rising and falling, revolutions and counter-revolutions, wealth accumulated and wealth dispersed, one nation dominant and then another. In one lifetime, I have seen my fellow countrymen ruling over a quarter of the world and the great majority of them convinced, in the words of what is still a favorite song, curiously enough, that God who made us mighty, would make us mightier yet. I have heard a crazed Austrian announce to the world the establishment of a German Reich that would last for a thousand years, an Italian clown restart the calendar to begin with his own assumption of power, a murderous Georgian brigand in the Kremlin acclaimed by the intellectual elite of the Western world as wiser than Solomon, more enlightened than Asoka, more humane than Marcus Aurelius. I have seen America wealthier and, in terms of weaponry, more powerful than all the rest of the world put together, so that Americans, had they so wished, could have outdone an Alexander or a Julius Caesar in the range and scale of their conquests.

All in one little lifetime, gone with the wind. England is now part of an island off the coast of Europe and threatened with dismemberment and bankruptcy. Hitler and Mussolini have become nonpersons. Stalin is a forbidden name in the regime he helped to found and dominated totally for three decades. America is haunted by fears of running out of the precious fluid that keeps the motorways roaring and the smog settling, is troubled with memories of a disastrous campaign in Vietnam and of the great victory of the Don Quixotes of the media when they charged the windmills of Watergate.

Now, what we are asking in our consideration of fearful symmetry is: Can this really be, as the media assiduously insist, what life is really about?—this interminable soap opera going on from century to century, from era to era, whose old discarded sets and props litter the earth. Surely it was not to provide a location for so repetitive and ribald a performance that the universe was created or that man came into existence. I can't believe it. If this were all, then the cynics, the hedonists, and the suicides are right: the most that we can hope for from life is some passing amusement, gratification of our senses, and death.

I say that that's not all there is. Thanks to the great mercy and marvel of the Incarnation, the cosmic scene is resolved into a human drama. A human drama in which God reached down to relate Himself to man and man reaches up to relate himself to God. Time looks into eternity and eternity into time, making now always and always now. Everything is transformed by this sublime drama of the Incarnation, God's special parable for man in a fallen world. The way opens before us that was charted in the birth, ministry, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ, a way that successive generations of believers have striven to follow. They have derived from this the moral, spiritual, and intellectual creativity out of which has come everything truly great in our art, our literature, our music, the splendor of the great cathedrals and the illumination of the saints and mystics, as well as countless lives of dedication: men and women serving their God and loving their Savior in humility and faith.

If this Christian revelation is true, then it must be true for all time and in all circumstances. That is what the Jesus of Modernity says, as the Jesus of two thousand years ago said, and as the Jesus through all the intervening centuries has continued to say. Whatever may happen, however seemingly inimical to it may be the way the world's going and those who preside over its affairs, its truth remains intact and inviolate.

Christendom, like other civilizations before it, is subject to decay and must sometime decompose and disappear. The world's way of responding to intimations of decay is to engage equally in idiot hopes and idiot despair. On the one hand, some new policy or discovery is confidently expected to put everything to rights: a new führer, a new drug, detente, world government. On the other hand, some disaster is confidently expected to prove our undoing: capitalism will break down, fuel will run out, plutonium will lay us low, atomic waste will kill us off, overpopulation will suffocate us, or, alternatively, a declining birthrate will put us at the mercy of our enemies.

That is another good example, incidentally, of fearful symmetry in terms of irony, the amazingly ludicrous spectacle of 23 million Canadians in an enormous country full of unexploited wealth boasting with great satisfaction that they've managed to achieve zero population growth. Even more hilariously funny, so funny that one wonders if it isn't God's special blackboard to hold up to us the infinite follies of mankind, are those nine million Australians who cling tenaciously to a tiny bit of the coastline of a huge continent and praise the Lord for having achieved zero population growth. Those are scenes of comedy that only a deity can produce.

Mind you, that's fine, but unless you can use the techniques that I have been talking about, of seeing a message and decoding it, of looking for fearful symmetry in the fantasy, you will be deprived of all this splendid unused reservoir of comedy provided by the behavior of human beings, especially those in power.

Our hopes and fears are equally beside the point. We know that here we have no continuing city, that crowns roll in the dust and every earthly kingdom must sometime founder. We are citizens of a city of God, which men did not build and cannot destroy.

That is the message the Apostle Paul wrote to the Chris-

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tians in Rome. They lived in a society as depraved and desolate as ours. The Roman games specialized, just as television does, in spectacles of violence and eroticism.

It was in the breakdown of Rome that Christendom was born. It now may be that, in the breakdown of Christendom, there are the same possibilities once again: to eschew the fantasy of a disintegrating world and the spectacles it provides and to seek the reality of what is not seen, an eternal reality.

So we end our exploration of fearful symmetry on the stupendous reality of Christian hope, always available to us, propounded and expounded some two thousand years ago, buoying up Western men through all the vicissitudes and uncertainties of Christendom's twenty centuries, and available today, when it's more needed perhaps than ever before, as it will be available tomorrow and forever, whatever the circumstances, whoever the individual or individuals in question, and however inimical it may be to the shape of society or to the exercise of authority by those who rule over it.

Because of that hope, we are suddenly caught up in the glory of God's love flooding the universe;

every color brighter, every meaning clearer, every shape more shapely, every note more musical, every true word written and spoken more explicitly;

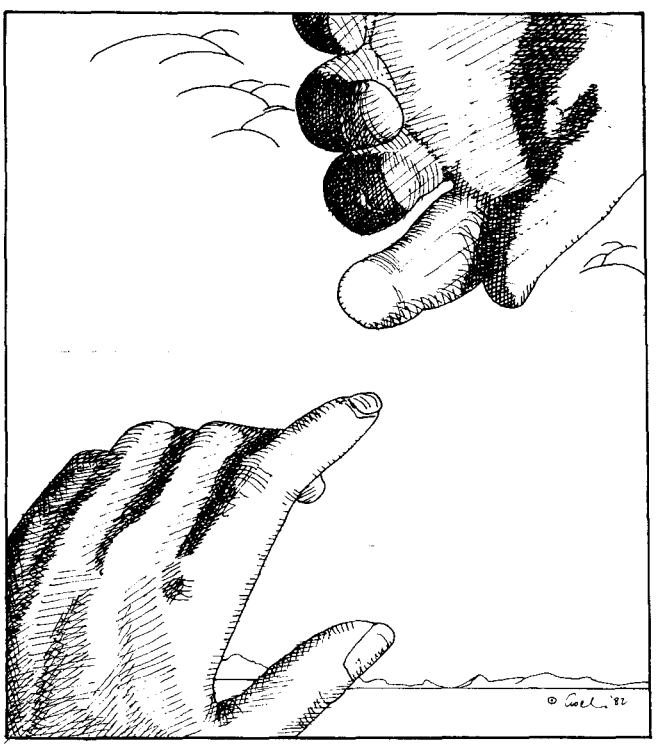
above all, every human face, all human companionship, each and every human encounter, a family affair of brothers and sisters, with all the categories, beautiful or plain, clever or slow-witted, utterly irrelevant;

and any who might be hobbling along with limbs or minds awry, any who might be afflicted, particularly dear and cherished;

the animals, too, flying, prowling, burrowing, and all their diverse cries and grunts and bellowings;

and the majestic hilltops and the gaunt rocks giving their blessed shade, and the rivers making their way to the lakes and the sea;

all, all irradiated with this same new glory.



What other hope could possibly compare with such a hope as this? What victory or defeat, what revolution or counter-revolution, what putting down of the mighty from their seats exalting the humble and meek (who then, of course, become mighty in their turn and fit to be put down), what going to the moon or exploration of the universe compares to this hope? A hope that transcends all human hoping, and yet is open to all on the absolutes of love, rather than on the relativities of justice; on the universality of brotherhood, rather than on the particularity of equality; on the perfect freedom which is service, rather than on the perfect service purporting to be freedom.

If you doubt that this revelation, far from dissolving and becoming nothing, is stronger, more necessary, and more explicit than it has ever been, then consider something that is not too often mentioned, but is nonetheless true: that hope is most perfectly realized and embodied among people who have suffered more perhaps than any others in a world which has known a lot of suffering in recent decades. I mean people like Solzhenitsyn in the prison camps, where they have found not misery and heartbreak, but true freedom and joy. One of Solzhenitsyn's colleagues has written that if you find yourself, and who knows how many may yet find themselves in that position, where it is a question of saving your soul or saving your body, and if you decide to save your body at the expense of your soul, then you lose your body as well. But if you decide to save your soul and not to bother about your body, you gain strength to save your body also and you achieve a stupendous, a fantastic joy which is difficult to express. So remember that, too.

I find myself more and more strongly aware that this is the true situation: that the hope of man, that he can create through human agency either a happy life as an individual or a satisfactory life as a collectivity, is the ultimate fantasy.

It's a curious thing, when you are nearing the end of your life, you often wake up in the early hours of the morning, about three o'clock. Quite a nice time, really. You have a curious feeling of being half in and half out of your body. You can see between the sheets the battered old carcass where you belong, and it seems like quite a toss-up whether you decide to resume full occupancy of it or make off.

In that limbo, between staying and making off, between life and death, you have these extraordinarily strong perceptions. One of them is what I have been trying to say to you. It is the realization that, if one can see into the meaning of nature, of happenings, and of our mortal existence, it is all incredibly beautiful. How beautiful is the earth, how beautiful is love between human beings, how wonderful is their existence in little family units which image the great family of mankind. How crazy it is that they should be ready to jeopardize that joy for trivial and worthless achievements or satisfactions. All this you see so clearly: the joy of human love, human companionship, human procreation, human work, and the beauty of the earth itself.

Then also you have this other conviction, which is really the heart of everything, that, as an infinitesimal particle of God's creation, you are part of His purpose. It is that purpose which gives any significance or reality to a human life. That purpose is a loving and not a malign purpose, a creative and not a destructive purpose, an eternal and not a temporal purpose, a universal and not a particular purpose.

And in that certainty are a very great comfort and a very great joy. □

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The Greening of Germany

From the Continent

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

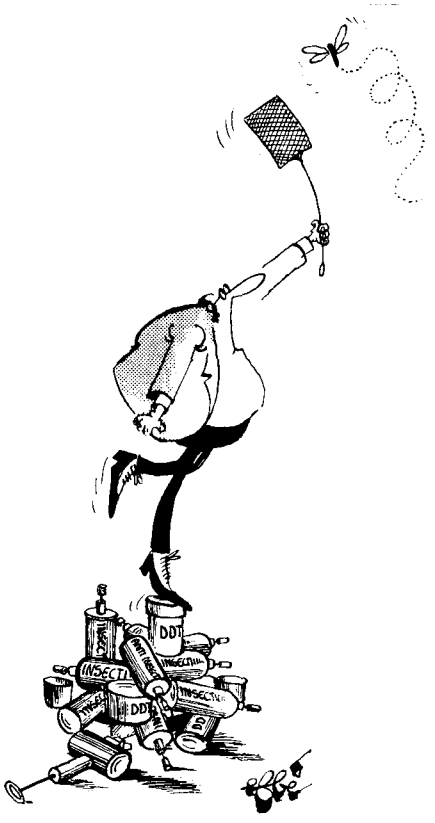
One of the most bizarre threats to democracy in Central Europe got its initial impulse from the United States. *The Greening of America*, Charles Reich's best-seller from the late Sixties, prompted a sort of greening over here, particularly in Germany, which has led in the course of time to the formation of a movement known as the Greens.

Their primary aim is to prevent, through political action, the destruction of nature. Like almost everything in the heart of Europe, though, this movement has an ideological character. The Greens' wrath is primarily directed at nuclear power plants, nuclear weapons, and military bases that house nuclear weapons. However, the Greens oppose not only nuclear technology, but all technology. Nature mustn't be violated by any means, be it nuclear radiation, smoke from steel mills, chemical fumes, or coal-burning plants. Right now the Greens are attacking both the federal government and the Bavarian state government because they plan to go ahead with the final 67 miles of the Rhine-Main-Danube Canal, linking the North Sea and the Black Sea. The Greens' objection? That the concrete embankments would disturb the flora and fauna.

Although the Greens claim to disdain politics, they have become politically organized, and have vigorously participated in recent state elections. In Hamburg and Hesse they garnered the 5 per cent of the vote necessary for parliamentary participation, and they have proceeded to wreak havoc on the political life of both regions. In Hamburg, with enough votes in parliament to tip the scales, they have refused to collaborate with any party; in Hesse, they have replaced the Free Democratic Party as a necessary coalition partner. In both instances, the Social Democrats retain theoretical control, but are unable to do anything more than regulate day-to-day affairs.

The recent change of government in Bonn and the general elections scheduled for March are unlikely to alter the situation. Politicians from both the Christian Democratic and Social Democratic parties predict that the Greens, while remaining a minority, will be able to blackmail the major parties as the Free Democrats did in the past. The important difference is that the Free Democrats are a genuine political party; the Greens are enemies of parliamentary democracy.

The astonishing rise of the Greens is naturally having repercussions within the major parties, especially among the Social Democrats. After Schmidt's government was replaced by the Christian Democratic government of Helmut Kohl, Willy Brandt, chairman of the Social Democrats, declared that his party would move to the left and identify with the concerns of the Greens: protection of nature, rejection of nuclear power, feminism, and "peace."



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What is really at the bottom of this trend? Whether the Greens get some of their support from Moscow is uncertain. What is certain is that they are Edenists, naïfs who would like to turn the clock back to some Edenlike, pretechnological age. It's Rousseau all over again: *Retournons à la nature.*

We know where Rousseau's ideas led: the French Revolution, which spawned the Russian Revolution as well as the German one. Could this latest manifestation of Rousseauism result in another outbreak of German madness? All the ingredients are there.

The *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* recently published an article titled "The Discouraged Germans," by Elisabeth Noelle-Neumann, co-founder of the Allensbach Institute for Demoscopy. It shows that the Federal Republic of Germany is undergoing a profound spiritual and psychological crisis. One indication of the ennui that afflicts the country is a birthrate that is the lowest in Europe and probably the world. "The élan of the postwar period is gone," comments Arthur Krumper, head of the research department of the Institute for Economic Research in Munich. "We are very much less risk-oriented. We are vastly more cautious, security-minded people than 25 or thirty years ago."

There is the boredom of a consumer society whose younger generation is searching for ideas and ideals they can fight for. The enemy is the *Bullen*, the "fascist" police and border guards. Anyone who lands in jail or in a hospital after a clash with them is regarded as a hero or a martyr. The army and army life were discredited by the defeat in World War II. The symbols of the state do not evoke enthusiasm, or even loyalty. The churches are in crisis. Marxism has become an outrage politically and a joke economically. Capitalism, for its part, has been unable to prevent unemployment; but the unemployed, generously cared for by the state, have plenty of time to demonstrate and to riot, to engage in oratory and rhetoric, in rows and street fights.

The Greens' vision is of a Germany of forests, fields, and nature deities. It is discomfitingly reminiscent of National Socialism and its veneration of the oak woods where once Wotan, Thor, and Freya ruled. □

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> One consequence of this culture is that a vast segment of the population is forced to work hard to support a class of parasites, many of whom—thanks to economic priorities gone berserk—have turned their lives into a grotesque *Grand Guignol* of drugs and kinky crime and who provide their own troubadours with an obscure wealth. It is a culture in which a nurse earns less per year than a cretinous, unwashed rock singer spends on dope per day. For this culture we have nothing but the deepest contempt, and we want to make it known. In the 1930's a German antifascist by the name of Kurt Tucholsky, before he was tortured by the nazis in Dachau, addressed himself to his nation in one of his last warnings: "All I wish is for you to remember, I was against!" So are we, when we face the travesty of humanness and the humiliation of reason in America.

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Christmas Faith

Tomorrow and Tomorrow

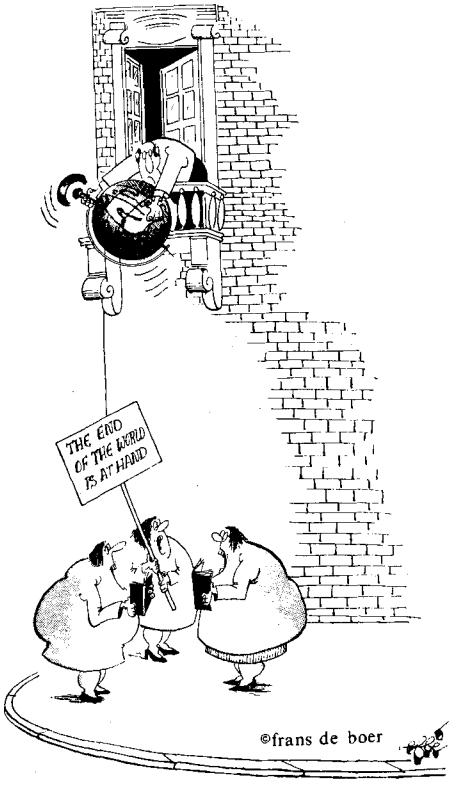
MICHAEL NOVAK

SOME WILL write of Christmas this year as the feast of the Prince of Peace. Yet what we should be careful about is the sort of Prince He is, and the sort of peace He brings.

The infant born in the cowshed in Bethlehem was no more a Prince of this world than the faith He brought was intended to bring the peace of this world. He did not mean by peace what the world means by peace.

Even as He lay in the crib, Herod's soldiers were butchering other infants. God in His wisdom so made the world. It is a place irremediably cruel. Nor did Jesus promise that things would get better. Before the end, indeed, we are warned that things will get much worse.

Not peace but the sword, He said His faith would bring. It would divide even families—husbands from wives, parents from children. Virtually every apostle was called to a bloody death. He Himself died at the hands of Caesar's troops, giving to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's.



The Church Militant

Surely, too, this God saw ahead the full flow of Christian history—the sacking of Rome; the accusations against Christians of subversion and disloyalty (which St. Augustine set out to counter); the leaders of His Church, His Vicars, calling forth the Crusades, blessing the serried troops under their waving banners, sending them off to just wars (from which so many never returned). Certainly He foresaw Lepanto and its "miracle"—Lepanto of the "dim drums throbbing in the hills half heard," and perhaps also Cromwell and all those other marching Christian soldiers. The Church He founded long knew itself to be the Church Militant.

Can it be that this Prince, this Prince of Peace, had an inaccurate view of future Christian history? That he did not understand, and will, and forgive, that it would turn out the way it would?

He knew, indeed, that Cain did not sit down with Abel to negotiate a mutually verifiable arms-control pact. He simply up and slew him.

Jesus knew that the Caesars' conquest of the Mediterranean basin and of northern Europe was one condition for the spread of a later Christian civilization upon what would become one of the bloodiest pieces of territory in all world history. Indeed, Christianity itself, with its claims for justice, and the taste for the absolute it frequently evokes (but does not condone), would inspire the righteousness propelling many of these wars. Surely, He knew all this, He who launched Christian faith into this world, surely He saw the red crosses resplendent on white body cloths, the pennants, the shining lances—and later the tanks and war clouds.

That there would always be wars and rumors of wars He well knew. One must suppose He knew that His brother Charles Péguy would take a bullet in the head at the beginning of the battle for France in 1914, and that a million others would fall in the carnage of the Marne. One supposes the whole twentieth century was known to Him, the 51 million Europeans killed in the combat of World War II, the 16 million killed in Hitler's death camps, the 65 million Soviet citizens killed by Lenin and by Stalin for political reasons in fewer than fifty years.

One supposes this Prince of Peace knew all of this. As we closely read the Bible, none of this can surprise us; it could hardly have surprised Him. If the God of Christianity wills peace in the plain, ordinary human meaning of the word—political peace, peace without warfare and destruction—He certainly has not enforced it upon the world. If the Prince of Peace has vanquished the Prince of Lies, as He has, it is clearly not upon the plains of history.

The Kingdom of Evil

One wonders, too, if there has ever been a more highly organized kingdom of evil in history than the one described by Solzhenitsyn, by Grigorenko, by Shafarevich and so many others. No state has ever been so fully armed or so tightly controlled by police—by layers of police, secret police below obvious police, and secret police who *police* the secret police. No state has ever been so thoroughly founded upon the Lie. No state has ever relied in so everyday and ordinary a manner upon terror. So claim its own citizens who have managed to flee from it. No state has ever been more secure in the knowledge that even such lonely voices would not alarm the already frightened world.

Surely, the Prince of Peace knows all this. Surely, He hears the cries upon the pillow, knows the deadness of a society in which every public word is a lie and in which some dare not even voice their thoughts within their families.

Oh, Prince of Peace! not as the world gives do You give peace. Not as the world wins victories have You won victories over evil, lies, terror, and war. These things we may expect always to have with us. These, Prince of Peace, You have not promised to take from us, not in this life, not now, not in the long plodding of unfinished history. Sufficient, though, for every day is Your peace, which passeth all understanding. □

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Books Arts & Manners

Sub Specie Aeternitatis

JOHN P. ROCHE

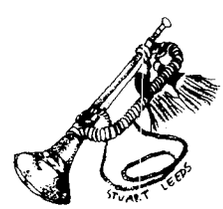
A Better World:
The Great Schism—Stalinism and the American Intellectuals
By William L. O'Neill
Simon & Schuster, 447 pp., $17.95

First the good news: Professor O'Neill has examined the record of the struggle between pro- and anti-Stalinist intellectuals since the eve of World War II and discovered that we of the anti-Stalinist persuasion did not provoke Stalin to seize Eastern Europe, organize the Prague coup in 1948, or blockade Berlin. Nor, revisionist historians to the contrary notwithstanding, did we put the "Hollywood Ten" in the laundry, whoop it up for the House Committee on Un-American Activities, and provide Joe McCarthy with his raison d'être.

There are times when he fails adequately to discriminate among the various contingents that collectively composed the anti-Stalinist "Left." For example, the Trotskyists—both Cannonites and Shachtmanites (before Max's shift to democratic socialism after 1957)—had a private fight with Stalin, who had stolen their dictatorship. We of the *New Leader*-Norman Thomas family categorically refused to "solidarize" with them even when working toward the same objective (e.g., repeal of the Smith Act); we were aware we would be the second contingent to face their firing squads.

But the bad news from my viewpoint is that O'Neill performs his surgery in such a disembodied, clinical fashion that I finished his book feeling I had read a history of the War of the Roses. In a way this is my political biography: my first published article 35 years ago in *The New Leader* dealt with Stalinist efforts to capture the college youth movements. Nor was I elected national chairman of Americans for Democratic Action in the Sixties, for three successive terms, because somebody tossed a pebble into the annual convention and whoever it hit was "it." In short, O'Neill has chronicled a passionate, rough, often hilarious conflict, in which I was a constant if not major participant, in an utterly dessicated fashion. The by-play could be intriguing, but sadly he has missed it all.

A typical example: in March 1949 Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr. was invited by Dave Dubinsky and Alex Rose to join them and some friends for lunch at the House of Chan, a New York restaurant around the corner from the ILGWU. In consequence, FDR Jr. emerged as the Liberal Party's successful candidate for the House seat vacated by the death of Sol Bloom. (Carmine De Sapio's Democrats nominated some Tammany hack.)



The elegance of the maneuver was that it totally isolated Dubinsky's old rivals in the Amalgamated Clothing Workers —led until his death in 1946 by Sidney Hillman, the longtime backbone of the American Labor Party, from which the Liberal Party split in May 1944 because of the ALP's invincible Stalinism. FDR Jr., who then seemed a hot political property, would thus be Dubinsky's protégé. In February 1948, the Stalinists had clobbered the Liberals in a special congressional election in the Bronx. Now, a year later, Dubinsky and Rose would have their revenge: the remnant of the ALP was in full retreat.

O'Neill misses this whole level of contention because he focuses on what Mary McCarthy and Lionel Trilling were writing about Harlow Shapley or F. O. Matthiessen. His excuse would no doubt be that Dubinsky, Rose, and Gus Tyler, the ILGWU's political director, were not "intellectuals." True, they didn't make a living writing for *Partisan Review*, or speak the mandarin language, but God help anyone who thought he could outsmart them. Tyler is still one of the most penetrating, thoughtful critics of the American scene.

There is no point in overkill, but what a transcribed tape of Alex Rose and Dave Dubinsky on the subject of that "*momzer*" Hillman wouldn't do to give this book some zest! Or an accurate report of how we enlivened the 1948 Progressive Party Convention in Philadelphia by slipping in the "Macedonian Resolution." O'Neill missed this delight entirely.

The Progressive Party's platform committee was holding hearings and voting on planks to go to the floor; Rex Tugwell, the chairman, was dozing in the chair; Lee Pressman, the Stalinist sentinel, was off to lunch; a delegate rose and called for "self-determination for the Macedonian people." He gave an impassioned speech and his plank was unanimously adopted. This was too good to be true: "self-determination for the Macedonian people" was a Titoist

---

Arnold Beichman, *a Visiting Scholar at the Hoover Institution, has taught political science at various U.S. and Canadian universities. . . .* **Donald Hall**'s *latest book of poems is* Kicking the Leaves. . . . **H. N. Kelley** *has contributed articles to Episcopal Church publications. . . .* **Nicholas King** *is the author of a biography of George Bush. . . .* **John P. Roche** *is Professor of Civilization & Foreign Affairs and Academic Dean at the Fletcher School, Tufts University. . . .* **Selden Rodman**'s *new book is* A Short History of Mexico, *published this month by Stein & Day.*

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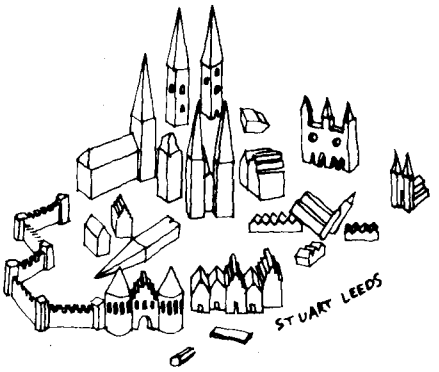
heresy! What would Comrade Pressman do when he spotted it? In the event, it became a non-happening, being simply omitted from the resolutions sent to the floor. Our "Macedonian" (did Tyler dig him up?) made a scene on the floor, but his mike was turned off.

My main objection to this quite useful study—aside from some terminological tics to be mentioned later—is its Olympian posture, which seems to emerge from cynical anti-intellectualism. On a number of occasions O'Neill completes the saga of some Stalinist set-to with the anti-Stalinist Left with a cavalier comment to the effect that, of course, *sub specie aeternitatis*, it didn't matter a damn who won because in our society intellectuals are powerless. I know nothing of O'Neill's background except that he wrote a jejune biography of my exotic friend Max Eastman. But this mordant view of the role of the intellectual has autobiographical shading. Is he a burned-out cultural revolutionary?

I have never been known for my slavish deference to Guardians, whether Plato's, Karl Mannheim's, or Lenin's, and I made the socialist funny papers around 1950 by observing sardonically, when Dwight Macdonald announced to the cosmos that he "chose the West," that at last our civilization was safe. But to declare that these struggles over the nature and influence of Soviet totalitarianism were an intellectual black hole is gravely to denigrate the nexus between ideas and policies. Jimmy Carter, for instance, did not absorb the conviction that we suffer from an "inordinate fear of Communism" while picking peanuts in Plains, Ga.

Which brings us to O'Neill's terminological tics: if there is anything that bothers him more than Red-baiting, it is witch-hunting. Without indulging in anti-semanticism, it seems to me perfectly legitimate to sock it to old "Reds" (or fascists, or plagiarists, or flat-worlders) if there is not probative evidence they have changed their viewpoints. He weeps for poor Pete Seeger because the Almanac singers got "Red-baited" for their notorious anti-World War II album *Songs for John Doe*. If Seeger and Co. had signed off with "Plough Under," fair enough. But they continued (see *Songs for Victory*, which hastily replaced *Songs for John Doe* after June 22, 1941), and on April 17, 1975, in Lexington, Mass., as part of the "People's Bicentennial" anti-fête, Seeger was devoutly dedicating a song to the victorious Khmer Rouge in Cambodia. Any horse-player knows how to figure a track-record; why can't intellectuals engage in the same intelligent pastime?



To put it in a different context, I recently was chided for suggesting that George F. Kennan often got a bit frenzied. When I pointed out that in 1948 he sent the Secretary of State a cable advocating that we launch a civil war in Italy if necessary to head off a Communist electoral triumph, and promptly grab back our World War II military installations, I was accused of an ad hominem attack. But I didn't send the cable; Kennan did.

O'Neill, in short, has categorical sclerosis. If someone is falsely called a "Red," it is a lie—not "Red-baiting." On the other hand, if an individual has demonstrated a Pavlovian response to the Party line, and has consistently confused Left and East, it is neither ad hominem nor ad feminam to document it and consider it as part of a broad political syndrome. □

False Consciousness:
An Essay on Mystification
By Guenter Lewy
Transaction Press, 150 pp., $17.95

FALSCON

ARNOLD BEICHMAN

"False consciousness" is a pseudo-scientific metaphor inspired by Karl Marx, coined by Friedrich Engels, and exploited ever since by their disciples. Its function as metaphor is to explain away the rejection by human beings, especially workers, of Marxist doctrine, and their preference for democracy and competitive capitalism. "False consciousness" (hereinafter referred to as *falscon*) is for Marxists the most pervasive disease in the world today.

In this little gem of a book, Professor Lewy, author also of that excellent study *America in Vietnam*, explains that falscon refers to the theory that, under capitalism, people lead manipulated lives; therefore, they don't know their own best interests as Marxists do. Of course, Marxist academics in democratic countries are primarily concerned with the falscon that seems endemic to workers in the U.S. and Western Europe. However, falscon is, if anything, even more common in those countries where Marxist socialism is the daily reality, under KGB or similar auspices.

More common—and also more dangerous. Falscon may not be a very serious ailment for someone in a democratic country. However, in the USSR, once a dissident has been diagnosed by a psychiatrist as suffering from falscon, that diagnosis is usually followed by "treatment" at a hospital for the insane —for example, the Serbsky Institute, the flagship of the Psychiatric Gulag. In China, it means subjection to a crushing bout of succussive "thought reform" until the victim is glowing with "emancipatory consciousness."

Actually, as Professor Lewy explains, falscon means to the Marxist academics who go in for "emancipatory pedagogy" nothing more than any form of non-Marxist thinking. Falscon is, in short, nonsense. As Lewy points out, nowhere did Marx and Engels indicate who decides what is true consciousness, nor could they account, any more than their present-day disciples can, for their own immunity to falscon. Marxist academics never indicate what empirical evidence would falsify core propositions of Marx and Engels like falscon or proletarian consciousness. Their inability and unwillingness to do so stems from the fact that to reject any aspect of Marxism, but especially falscon, would imperil the claim that Marxism is a science and that its doctrines are scientific.

Marxist academics have another problem with falscon: how to account for the 1956 Hungarian uprising, the 1968 Prague Spring, the 1953 East German uprising, the riotous Solidarists in Poland, the indomitable *mujahedin* of Afghanistan, the boat people from Southeast Asia. Where would you look for an example of falscon—to Walesa or Jaruzelski, to Dubcek or Brezhnev, to Sakharov or Andropov?

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Falscon is really a piece of psychobabble reminiscent of the omniscient Freudian whose diagnosis is always right because he knows what, by definition, you cannot know: why your unconscious does what it does. Whatever the analysand (or, in the case of Marxists, the "Tory worker") does counter to the scenario becomes proof of the theory of the unconscious on the one hand or the theory of false consciousness on the other. No wonder the Freudian "Left"—Geza Roheim, Erich Fromm, Wilhelm Reich, and others—in a most unethical exploitation of Freud's genuine scientific reputation, has called our century the "Freudo-Marxist" age.

The most startling section of Professor Lewy's book deals with the takeover of West Germany's major universities —including Bremen, Berlin, Marburg, Frankfurt—by Marxist thugs posing as teachers and students. These universities, says Lewy, are now referred to in Germany as "*rote Kaderschmiede*"—hatcheries of Red cadres. This explains a great deal about the decline of Helmut Schmidt's political fortunes and the driving thrust leftward of the Social Democrats.

The takeover of these German universities didn't happen all at once, but it has happened. To a lesser degree we are witnessing similar takeovers of the social-science departments of leading American universities. Doubters are advised to read *The Left Academy*, edited by Bertell Ollman and Edward Vernoff, both of them prominent Marxian academics. Lewy quotes from Professor Ollman, head of New York University's Center for Marxist Studies, a statement whose meaning justifies a teacher's right to propagandize in the classroom. Ollman affirms that "bourgeois ideology" must be countered by Marxism, "the only adequate analysis of capitalism today" that can be taught to students. And then Ollman utters words that are obviously subversive of the basic principles of academic freedom:

> If non-Marxists see my concern with such questions as an admission that the purpose of my course is to convert students to socialism, I can only answer that in my view —a view that denies the fact-value distinction—a correct understanding of Marxism (or any body of scientific truth) leads automatically to its acceptance.

And if the student, crippled by falscon, does not "automatically" accept Marxism, does he flunk the course? Is there a special room for "thought reform" at New York University?

Lewy's book is important reading for a glimpse of what is going on in universities in the democratic world under the guise of academic freedom. It has, indeed, only one flaw: Lewy's misplaced praise for two British Marxists, Christopher Hill and Eric Hobsbawm, as scholars. A long essay in the *Times Literary Supplement* a few years ago by Harvard Professor David Landes demolished Hobsbawm's credentials. As for *Hill* (until recently a pro-Soviet Marxist), he has written an account of the Russian Revolution in which he omitted all reference to Leon Trotsky. Some scholar. □

The End of the World, A History
By Otto Friedrich
Coward, McCann, 384 pp., $19.95

THY KINGDOM COME

NICHOLAS KING

What is *your* idea of the end of the world? Simple cataclysm? Nuclear annihilation? Or a blinding scene from Revelation when the earth shall perish and melt away?

Most people today would nominate the hydrogen bomb, but in this absorbing book about infernos man has made for himself, Otto Friedrich shows that there have been, well, worse things, if we are speaking as he is of human agency only. These pages of history reek and smoke of man-made evil, which to those who suffered from it seemed to be the end of the world. As for nuclear holocaust, it is, ineluctably, the ultimate of the absurd.

The end of the world is a familiar concept, nor is it at all necessarily viewed as disastrous. Christians pray for it every time they repeat "Thy kingdom come" in the Lord's Prayer. "End" in this sense means fulfillment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed and Christ's redeeming love shall usher the faithful into Paradise. But from the present-day viewpoint, when most people are taught to trust only what their senses tell them, the end of the world means reckless and random slaughter ordained by a retributive idiosyncrasy whose emblem is the collected statistics of an Adolf Eichmann.

Friedrich thus takes a number of apocalyptic (small "a") episodes in history and sets them baldly forth in dispassionate if gruesome detail. He begins with the sack of Rome by Alaric in 410; moves through the Middle Ages with the Inquisition and the Black Death; discusses the fate of the Anabaptists in Germany at the beginning of the Reformation; shows the effect of the Lisbon earthquake of 1755 on the imagination of the Enlightenment; examines the revolutionary convulsions in Russia in 1905; and finally presents what is by far the most vivid historical cataclysm to men and women of the twentieth century, the unspeakable mass murders in Nazi Germany, and specifically what he calls the Kingdom of Auschwitz.

These vast dramas are treated for the most part factually—that is, with the ironic scrupulousness which is the hallmark of modern historiographical taste. His handling of Auschwitz is properly matter-of-fact, for a tenth of the details he adduces, so well recorded and yet so little known, would suffice to convey the nauseating truth. Far more than any nuclear onslaught might do, Auschwitz paralyzes the very motor of humanity and, like the Crucifixion itself, reaches out to embrace the guilt of every soul.

But the earlier and far less familiar

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scenes weigh on us too, as if Western civilization had already been in its youth rolled in blood across battlefield and scaffold. Languedoc in the thirteenth century, fragrant in the warmth of romanesque life, rejoicing in the olive and the vine amid its simple, picturesque society, beguiled by the ardent poetry of its troubadours, saw itself literally torn to pieces by political and religious terrorism. In the short span of 35 years, the flourishing country that stretched from the Pyrenees to Toulouse to Narbonne on the Mediterranean was burned and destroyed. It is what textbooks call the Albigensian Crusade.

IT STARTED at the beginning of the century, when Pope Innocent III, provoked by the power of Count Raymond of Toulouse, decreed that a certain number of his subjects given to strict religious fundamentalism and known as the Cathars were heretics and should be punished. In effect the rich land of Languedoc was turned into a hunting ground for French freebooters of whom the chief was Simon de Montfort. Here was the source of the slogan, originally uttered by a Cistercian abbot in answer to a question about how to tell the heretics from the infidels: "Kill them all! God will recognize his own." In a series of sieges and sackings, accompanied by the most sanguinary torture, the papal will, carried out by French knights, made its triumphant and merciless way. The author's narrative is explicit but evidently balanced. It is not hard to see why national and ecclesiastical historians of recent times have not desired to dwell too lengthily on this so-called crusade. From it arose the Inquisition, fully ripe to spread its stain over Europe and beyond for hundreds of years more.

Friedrich wisely refrains from making any formal stab at eschatology; there is little in his book to suggest how one may save either one's soul or one's skin. Still, the challenge cannot be avoided entirely, and so he returns inevitably to the Church for his epilogue. When the present Pope says in a message to the Japanese on the subject of Hiroshima: "O God, hear my voice and grant unto the world your everlasting peace," Friedrich wonders if, finally, that is the answer—"Or is it the final demonstration that there is no answer?" The end of the world will come one day, but, begging the question, it has not yet arrived. □

METHOD, PROCESS, AND AUSTRIAN ECONOMICS

Essays in Honor Of Ludwig von Mises

edited by Israel M. Kirzner
New York University

Based on a commemorative conference organized to mark the 100th anniversary of the birth of Ludwig von Mises by the C.V. Starr Center for Applied Economics at New York University and by the Liberty Fund, this book assesses the Austrian school of thought in terms of the economic dilemma of the 1980s. Distinguished contributors analyze Misesean theory and illustrate the new directions this school is taking.

272pp. ISBN 0-669-05545-x $27.95

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Monsignor Quixote
By Graham Greene
Simon & Schuster, 221 pp., $12.95

SMALL JOUSTS

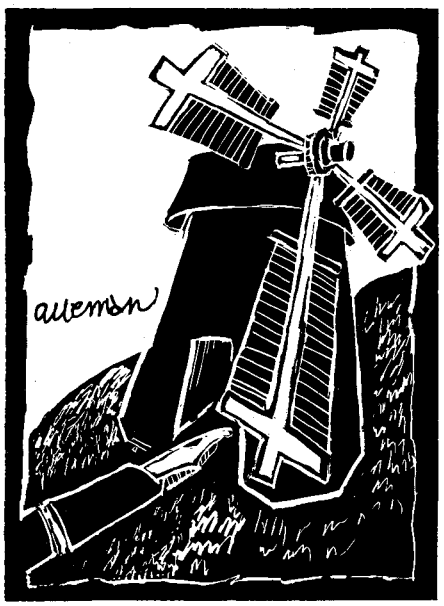
SELDEN RODMAN

In contrast to his customary blockbuster, Graham Greene has this time written a small, gentle book, short on action but long on charm. Age has apparently mellowed the once militant Catholic into a loving, liberal Christian, an appealing maturation that has produced a beguiling story.

In a modern-day parallel to Cervantes's story, Monsignor Quixote, a simple village priest, sallies forth to take on the Spanish *Guardia*, a gun-toting thief, and the entire Catholic hierarchy, epitomized by his own bishop, a strict follow-the-rules man. Accompanying him in Rocinante, an aged, run-down nag of a car, is an unlikely Sancho, the Communist ex-mayor of the town, a man combining human virtues and worldly vices in a way that arouses the priest's curiosity and the bishop's ire.

"*In vodka veritas*," asserts the mayor as the traveling pair temporarily put aside their wine to try a stronger brew. At once they discover that they have much in common, for both are believers with doubts, humanists who wish to do good, each seeking to understand and transcend his own dogma:

> "What will you do, Father, away from El Toboso?"
>
> "I shall obey orders. I will go where I am sent."
>
> "To preach to the converted as you do here?"
>
> "That is an easy sneer, Sancho. I doubt if anyone is fully converted."
>
> "Not even the Pope?"
>
> "Perhaps, poor man, not even the Pope. Who knows what he thinks at night in his bed when he has said his prayers?"
>
> "And you?"
>
> "Oh, I am as ignorant as anyone in the parish. I have read more books, that is all, when I was studying, but one forgets . . ."
>
> "All the same you do believe all that nonsense. God, the Trinity, the Immaculate Conception . . ."
>
> "I *want* to believe. And I want others to believe."
>
> "Why?"
>
> "I want them to be happy."
>
> "Let them drink a little vodka then. That's better than a make-believe."
>
> "The vodka wears off. It's wearing off even now."
>
> "So does belief."
>
> Father Quixote looked up with surprise. He had been gazing with a certain wistfulness at the last drops in his glass.
>
> "Your belief?"
>
> "And your belief."
>
> "Why do you think that?"
>
> "It's life, Father, at its dirty work. Belief dies away like desire for a woman. I doubt if you are an exception to the general rule."



The story invites comparison to Giovanni Guareschi's *The Little World of Don Camillo*, although the battles waged between the Italian priest and *his* Communist mayor are more jocular and full of zestful trickery. At the same time, though, while the two Italians grudgingly admire each other for the similarity of their temperaments, they are locked in an all-out battle, their jousts small but real incidents in a real world.

Monsignor Quixote and his Communist mayor never really confront each other, except to tease in wine-induced theoretical debate. Each has his villain to atone for. Was Stalin really worse than the Inquisition's Torquemada? The priest quotes Marx to reach conclusions that really astound the mayor:

> "The bourgeoisie, during its rule of scarce one hundred years, has created more massive and more colossal production forces than have all the preceding generations together. Subjection of Nature's forces to man, machinery, application of chemistry to industry and agriculture, steam navigation, railways, electric telegraph, clearing of whole continents for cultivation, canalization of rivers, whole populations conjured out of the ground . . ."
>
> "It makes one almost proud to be a bourgeois, doesn't it?" Quixote asks his friend.

In the early travel book *The Lawless Roads*, Greene indicted the typical Mexican as a bandit. In *The Quiet American* he showed an innocent abroad devastating Vietnam. In *Our Man in Havana* and *The Consul* he blamed Latin American problems on subversion from abroad. In *The Comedians* he so grossly exaggerated the repressions of Haiti's François Duvalier that tourists are frightened away to this day, delivering a cruel *coup de grâce* to that poor country's faltering economy.

Monsignor Quixote, in contrast, is not likely to have disastrous effects on anybody—unless one considers open-mindedness a threat to peace of mind or the world's peace:

> "I am trying very, very hard to believe"—and the Bishop gave another prolonged sigh—"that you are too ill to realize what a dangerous situation you are in."
>
> "Well, I suppose that applies to all of us."
>
> "To all of us?"
>
> "When we begin to think, I mean." □

The Book of Fortune
By Daniel Mark Epstein
Overlook/Viking, 64 pp., $10.95

EPSTEIN MAGNIFIED

DONALD HALL

The flight from Boston to Kansas City, with a stop at O'Hare, would occupy four hours or so. I packed Daniel Mark Epstein's *The Book of Fortune* for the TWA aisle seat, not to mention for reading in the Ramada Inn. Not until I was parking the car at Logan did I discover that I had failed to bring along my reading glasses. Of course my hosts at Emporia would find me glasses for my poetry reading—the affliction is as common as achieving one's fifties—but I faced four hours at thirty thousand feet *without being able to read.* Then, by a lucky stroke, I discovered a solution at an airport store and a controlling metaphor for my review: I examined Epstein, my nose bumping the page, with the aid of a tiny magnifying glass that I used like a monocle.

On First Looking into Daniel Mark Epstein, One Eye Closed, from a Distance of One Inch.

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RANDOM NOTES

■ SOME JANUARY TITLES: *Is the U.S. True to Its Friends: A View from the Former Ambassador of Free China* (Acropolis, $14.95), by James Shen—the Republic of China's last ambassador, whose appointment was terminated in 1979 when the Carter Administration severed its diplomatic and defense ties with Taipei—concludes in the negative.

Thomas Mann's *Reflections of a Nonpolitical Man* (Ungar, $29.50), translated by Walter D. Morris, is the last of the German novelist's major works to be published in English. Written during World War I, the book is an interesting defense of German culture, which Mann considered vastly superior to the rational, thoroughly politicized, cultures of the West, epitomized for him by France.

FDR: An Intimate History (Doubleday, $22.50), by Nathan Miller, is the first single-volume biography of Franklin Roosevelt to be published since Rexford G. Tugwell's *The Democratic Roosevelt* a quarter of a century ago. Miller makes good use of the plethora of material that has subsequently become available; his theme is Roosevelt's personal rather than his political development, and the volume looks to be a worthy contribution to the literature surrounding the 32nd President. . . . Henri Troyat's new book is *Alexander of Russia* (Dutton, $15.95), a biography of the czar who was the grandson of Catherine the Great. . . . André Le Vot spent twenty years writing *F. Scott Fitzgerald* (Doubleday, $16.95), a biography. It follows Matthew J. Bruccoli's excellent work, *Some Sort of Epic Grandeur*, by about a year and a half, and it will be interesting to see what Le Vot can add to Bruccoli's portrait.

Two plays by Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn —*Victory Celebration* ($10.50) and *Prisoners* ($12.50)—are being published simultaneously by Farrar. Set in 1945, they concern displaced persons and prisoners of war, and are among the author's works committed to memory during his imprisonment in Gulag and written out following his release.

—CW

Actually, I had looked into Epstein earlier, with a pleasure only slightly conditional. Two books called *The Follies* and *Young Men's Gold* were charming, skillful, and eccentric, and mildly innovative in the recovery and transformation of old manners. But I was not sure the young poet could develop past the moment of charm. Perhaps my trouble was that I had not read Epstein, as it were, under the microscope.

HIS LANGUAGE is dense and precise, rewarding the close eye: from "The Sentry of Portoferraio":

Accuse the snake in the cactus, fig, and grapes
gathering liquor from the rainless air;

or from "Mannequins":

There a lady,
most unladylike, lounges
in silk of liquidly drapable muscadine,
grinning the wine-red of wickedness . . .

These close-ups reward the lips and the tongue, for Epstein attends to poetry's musicality as well as any formalist of recent years. Although he often eschews a metrical count, he writes always with tight formal control: no word will budge or shift, no matter how closely one examines it.

Times change in American poetry. The generation now in its fifties writes in a loose idiom, succeeding or failing by intensity of feeling. The most original younger voices write with a grid-like syntactic formality, taking off from French structuralism. Still others like Epstein invent by using older genres in ways not recently attempted: the wine alters the bottle. And Epstein will write discursively, accomplishing subjects recently left to prose. In a poem like "Schoolhouses," which discusses education and society, poetry rises to validate argument with precise metaphorical observation, as when he speaks of vandalized buildings:

windows newly smashed, legends of graffiti,
chairs dismembered, the clock with twisted hands,
books read by rain and fire, their spines crushed.

There are only a dozen poems here, and the best are two longer poems, dramatic monologues in the voices of Clover Adams, Henry's wife who killed herself, and John Burroughs writing a letter to Thomas Edison largely on the subject of Henry Ford. Clover Adams's meditation out of her depression, "Lafayette Square," is harrowing and exact, its line the heroic pentameter with variations, its vision as tortured and powerful as early Robert Lowell. But the best of these poems is "Letter to Thomas Edison," in which Burroughs's sacramental love of creation sings throughout:

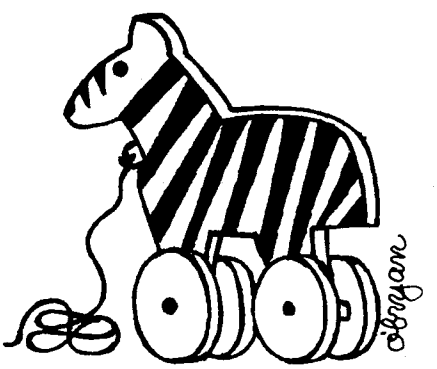
Now my landscape floats into the sky, my cup
brims, the horizon swims with divine elixir.
The walls of my self are glass. I see through pores of my skin.
Laws of nature joining the part to the whole,
the holy nerves of the universe are laid open
like a spider web glossed with dew and morning light.
My thoughts go scratch with hens in the dry leaves,
with geese nipping spears of grass.
My thoughts fly north with ducks migrating,
hover about the farm and garden fires.
They career away to the sugar maple woods
where sap is clinking slowly in tin buckets.

That accurate *clinking* is worth a thousand photographs.

Beyond the natural world, and depending on it, is Epstein-as-Burroughs thinking about the world of factories and Henry Ford—the wonderful, cursed, ignorant, enthusiastic power-eater whom Burroughs cannot touch with his vision.

Rivers that once ran only to dazzle him now bend to nurse the pasture,
seeds are to split, and sprouts to branch and blossom,
flowers to lure the bee making liquor of light.
The waterpump is seven times more beautiful
than idle rainbows haunting the fans of spray.
Handle finds its door, lock finds its key, sunup, sundown, moon and tide and wind
likewise learn their places and their uses.

In the fine contemporary writing that celebrates the natural world, nothing is more powerful than this.



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Now although Epstein includes poems addressed to members of his own family, although he sets himself into a poem defending himself against Europe's importunities, he does not write poems that depend on our acceptance of a Daniel Mark Epstein figure. Thus he need not appear naïve-sincere; thus he can use learning and mimic other voices, while he pleases the ear that honors shapely speech. All in all, the magnifying glass finds a surface unpitted by error, an intellect and a sensibility rewarding meticulous attention. □

MEDIA

MINDSETS

JOSEPH SOBRAN

As I watched CBS's half-hour special on the death of Brezhnev, I felt that for once I was getting close to the heart of American liberalism. The program wasn't "pro-Soviet"; it made no attempt to glamorize the Soviet Union or even to portray Andropov as a closet liberal. Dan Rather was evidently trying hard to tell it straight, and Bill Moyers was nowhere to be seen.

One clip showed Ronald Reagan at his first presidential press conference, saying that there was bound to be friction between the two superpowers as long as the Soviets reserved to themselves the right to lie and cheat. Then there was another clip of Reagan at his recent press conference discussing Soviet efforts to infiltrate the nuclear-freeze movement. A CBS correspondent remarked that this showed Reagan still had the same "mindset." Hasn't changed a bit.

The condescension of it! Reagan takes Lenin at his word: the Communist isn't bound by "bourgeois morality." And putting Leninist doctrine together with Leninist behavior, he concludes that certain difficulties are posed thereby for those who seek peace; whereupon the shapely blonde journalist notes with mild alarm the peculiar Reagan "mindset."

Even the shots of Brezhnev's funeral were reminders that the Soviet Union is on a war footing. Martial music, goose-stepping soldiers, Andropov's inaugural bluster: but all this can be dismissed as mere "rhetoric," never mind whether it squares with Soviet actions.

With my friend Tom Bethell, I have taken to referring to the world socialist community, including American liberals, as "the Hive," the metaphor implying that there is unity in all the diversity, even as there is unity among all the spontaneously differing bees in a beehive. Some people have thought we are suggesting that liberals are crypto-Communists. Not at all. On the contrary, we are suggesting that they are best understood as what might be called *para-socialists*.

That is, they never criticize socialism in principle. It is less a matter of idealizing socialism (whatever that would mean by now) than of failing to appreciate our own institutions or to see an incompatibility between those institutions and the superstate. The garden-variety liberal in fact tends to blame conflict on those who *think* there is conflict, as Reagan does; he tends to see our institutions as defective and dispensable, rather than good and worth defending. For this reason we never hear it suggested that the Soviet abolition of private property is downright evil; ditto the Soviet subjugation of the family and persecution of religion.

Instead there are bland references to "our differences," along with hints that these are not really so great. We have leaders, they have leaders; we have nuclear weapons, they have nuclear weapons; we have an economy, they have an economy. The two superpowers are fundamentally analogous. Even Afghanistan is their Vietnam. Same thing.

The Dan Rathers can and do freely criticize the Soviet Union, but at a preposterously superficial level. The Soviets are guilty of "human-rights violations" against a few dissidents; their economy is crippled by "rigid central planning"; but, well, that's about it. Even these, on the evening news, don't seem much different from our own prosecution of Dr. Spock and the flounderings of Reaganomics—with the additional distinction that however clumsily the Soviet economy is managed, nobody will be heard accusing Yuri Andropov of making "war on the poor."

Dan Rather lamely tied up the Brezhnev obituary with one of those where-do-we-go-from-here questions: Can Andropov balance the demands of "the Soviet military" against those of "the Soviet consumer"? That remains to be seen. Good night.

Well, I have seen the Soviet consumer. He stands in long lines in the cold waiting to spend a bit of his meagerness on a chunk of discolored meat or a small roll of toilet paper. The Soviet consumer is no match for the Soviet general. And sporadic food riots don't add up to a Ralph Nader movement; if a Muscovite throws a rock at the police, he isn't going to be *Pravda*'s new media pet.

YES, THERE IS a mindset problem, but it isn't Reagan's. It's the mindset of those who drone on about "our differences" without the slightest grasp of our real differences. Dan Rather would probably locate the distinction between the two superpowers somewhere in the neighborhood of the First Amendment. Our press is free; theirs is "censored." Leaving aside the triviality of a free press compared with the enormity of unfree religions, "censored" puts *Pravda* in the wrong category. It is not as if the Kremlin stifles the journalistic energies of *Pravda*: the Kremlin *supplies Pravda*'s energy. The Soviet press is an organ of tyranny, not a victim of it.

The greatest irony of all is that we have a President who understands the differences, while his media critics simply don't. They try; they try to be even-handed, to avoid bias and jingoism and gullibility; but they're out of it. They have eyes, but they see not; they lack the imagination to see fully the things they gaze on. They are too uncritical to be good critics; and too unappreciative. If they don't know what the Soviet Union is, it's because they don't know what the West is.

The most lamentable failure of critical imagination is to call Brezhnev a failure or to say the Soviet system doesn't "work." That system does what it's supposed to do. Brezhnev did pretty much what he set out to do. And one thing he set out to do was to create the kind of confusion that is the mark of American public opinion, as represented by Dan Rather. □

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TELEVISION

VALHALLA WITHOUT GODS

H. N. KELLEY

Even those whose knowledge of opera is confined to recognition of the Toreador Song cannot fail to know, before it's over, that 1983 is the centenary of Richard Wagner's death. At least they will know it if they watch television. *Ho-jo-to-ho!*

For starters there is Richard Burton's nine-hour film of the composer's life, which has been in the making since February. RW's life was a continuous soap opera, so some additional romanticizing and sanitizing shouldn't cause any problems. But the 13 hours of Wagner's mighty *Ring of the Nibelung*, chopped up into a seven-part mini-series, may require some deep breathing to handle. Telecasts of the series on PBS will start in January and spread over several months.

This *Ring* is the notorious Chéreau version, which means that what you will see has little to do with Richard Wagner, and less to do with making sense. Patrice Chéreau, the director, is a French filmmaker also widely known for his avant-garde stage productions in Paris. This was his first experience with opera, and even the dutiful Bayreuth audience booed him as he appeared in blue jeans and tennis shoes for his curtain call at the premiere of his *Ring*.

He was commissioned by Wolfgang Wagner, Richard's grandson, for the *Ring* centennial in 1976 at the Bayreuth Festspielhaus, the theater that Richard himself built, and the introductions to the film are by Friedelind, a Wagner granddaughter. No project could be more thoroughly stamped as "officially approved." And that is exactly where the trouble lies.

If you are a card-carrying Wagnerian, what Chéreau does may raise your blood pressure, but at least you will have the music—with a cast headed by Donald McIntyre, Gwyneth Jones, and Manfred Jung—to help you keep your bearings. It does seem a cheat, however, for the television viewers who will be meeting Wagner for the first time. They will go to their graves believing that mighty Wotan, chief of the gods, is only a slum landlord; that those blameless Rhine Daughters are prostitutes at a power dam; and that Valhalla—beautiful, shining Valhalla, where dead heroes spend their after-lives reveling with wine and Wish-Maidens—is really nothing but a dilapidated warehouse.

The whole business is chock-full of Marxian and Freudian symbols and is called "re-interpretation." There are a lot of critics who think this is just dandy, and call it rare inspiration that Wotan wears a dinner jacket (he still carries a spear, though) while Brünnhilde runs about in armor, and the rest of the characters wear odds and ends found in the costume shop. The interpreters of the re-interpreters tell us this symbolizes the timelessness of the message.

The *Ring* is a magnificent architectural structure that operates on the human nervous system in a mysterious way. It is a combination of several mythological legends reworked as an integral whole; it takes place under water, beneath the earth, and in the skies, and involves gods, dwarfs, a beloved horse, a fire-breathing dragon, a bear, two rams, some ravens, a singing bird, and outsize conflagrations. Even though most of these are essential to the plot, you won't see any of them in the telecasts. For some reason, though, you will see the Valkyrie maidens picking over the bodies of the fallen warriors, and stacking the selected ones like cordwood. You will also see a lot of rolling around on the ground by many different characters, and maybe this too symbolizes something, but who can tell what?

Distorting a composer's and librettist's clearly stated intentions is a phenomenon by no means restricted to Bayreuth, although that is where it began—in 1951—and there are reasons for it. The reasons have to do with family quarrels (and Richard Wagner's descendants seem to specialize in these), international lawsuits, and Adolf Hitler.

After Richard Wagner's death, his widow, Cosima, took over management of the opera house and, when age began to tell, she turned the Festival over to their son, Siegfried. For 47 years the two of them made Bayreuth the most famous opera theater in the world and keeper of the flame of unchanging Wagnerism. Not the slightest variation from what the Master had decreed was ever permitted—even the singer-actors' gestures were standardized.

Cosima died in April 1930, Siegfried four months later, and a bloody battle for succession began. Not only were there howls and yowls from members of the family, but the government of Bavaria and international organizations interested in Wagner each felt they had the moral right to administer the Wagner treasure trove. Winner of the melee, by law, was Siegfried's English wife, Winifred, and now the plot really thickens, because over the years Frau Wagner had taken a friendly interest in a young frequenter of the Festival named Adolf Hitler.

WINIFRED SAW no reason to disclaim her friend after he became powerful, and she was repaid by consistently sold-out Festivals as Hitler bought great blocks of tickets for distribution to "the people"—i.e., his Brownshirts. Winifred had a fine 14 years, but when Hitler fell, so did she. The Festspielhaus, closed down in 1944, was used for USO shows during the American occupation.

The denazification court levied tremendous penalties against Winifred. She appealed, lost, and appealed again. Ultimately she managed to avoid the fines, but was forbidden by the court to have anything to do with future Festivals or with the Festspielhaus.

Her worst crime, it seemed, was permitting the name of Richard Wagner to become so closely associated with the name of Adolf Hitler. There were even attempts to show that Richard was antisemitic and that Hitlerism was a logical outgrowth of the nationalism of Wagner's operas, but the court decided quite sensibly that the composer could hardly be blamed for what happened after his death. In other words, the court cleared Wagner but not Winifred.

Of Winifred's four quarrelsome children, only Wolfgang, the younger son, stayed with her during the war, after being wounded and dropping out early on. The sisters, Verena and Friedelind, both found life with Mother too difficult, and left home. The older brother, Wieland, was lucky enough to have had a noisy quarrel with Winifred, partly over her association with Hitler, and left home amid shrieks of "desertion." He sat out the war at Lake Constance reading Freud, Jung, and Nietzsche. This conveniently cleared him of any taint of Nazism, and the court consequently awarded him artistic control of the Festival, while Wolfgang became business manager. This arrangement pre-

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vailed until Wieland's death, after which Wolfgang became, and still is, the Festspielhaus manager.

For the reopening of the Festspielhaus in 1951, Wieland felt it was essential to exorcize the ghost of Hitler by creating a new image. He declared Grandfather's conceptions to be uninteresting and irrelevant and substituted his own. He couldn't very well make drastic changes in Richard's music or in the singing texts, but he decided just to ignore anything they suggested about staging. All the necessary props, the naturalistic scenery, all the animals were swept out the door, and as a sort of trademark he created the tilting saucer. The stage tilted one way with a blue light; then to mark a change of scene, it tilted another way with a red light.

The psychological and philosophical reading with which Wieland had filled himself at Lake Constance turned up in many guises, including a stab at surrealism and a *Meistersinger* in which everything was turned around. The apprentices were hoodlums, the good guys became the villains, and the comic villain came close to being the hero.

Inevitably Wieland was proclaimed a genius. Maybe he was. Certainly he had a profound effect on world opera, and the day of the director and stage designer as top banana had dawned. His imitators are everywhere today. In Hamburg's *Magic Flute* Tamino turns up as a Japanese schoolboy, in short pants and sneakers, and in Santa Fe the same character is an Iranian in present-day Teheran. A *Parsifal* in Geneva has something to do with a nuclear explosion, and in Dresden's *Faust* Marguerite is tied down inside a doll house and drunken students urinate on a corpse. All these directors are doing what is called "making a statement," thereby effectively obliterating whatever the composer was trying to say.

Wolfgang is neither as talented nor as doctrinaire as Wieland was, and he is content to intersperse sensational Interpretations with traditional and realistic productions. The greatest publicity success since Wolfgang took over the management was certainly the Chéreau *Ring*. After five years of use, the production was retired at the end of the 1980 season, and a new production is promised for 1983. During its five years, the Chéreau version underwent some changes and some smoothing out, and some of the shocks were removed. It was filmed in its final season, and there are still enough shocks and surprises left, as you will learn. Because you will still watch it, regardless of the quirks. There is a lot of excitement in it—and there is still the music. □

The GIMLET EYE

MY MOTHER EXPLAINS IT ALL TO YOU

D. KEITH MANO

Hello?

So? I left a message for you to call right back. I could be having a pulmonary arrest, I'd still need Dial-a-Miracle to hear from my own son.

Ah, yes. Well. *Mother*. I thought you might be in TM. Or meditating under your pyramid. I never am sure. I hate to disturb you.

Never mind the large song and dance, we both could read *War and Peace* waiting for you to be thoughtful. But listen, what I read in, of all places, *Reader's Digest*. Science is just beginning to catch up. They must have only one hemisphere in their brains, they're so slow. This I told you about a year ago.

What?

My discovery.

Which, er, one?

Sneakers, *sneakers*, of course.

Oh, *sneakers*.

Listen and I quote: "Since our planet is also a giant magnet, it should not surprise us to discover that we and many other living things have a sensitivity to Earth's magnetic force field . . . we are every bit as much electrical beings as we are chemical beings . . ." And pay attention to this. "Suppose doctors could go further and pinpoint areas where some problem was disrupting the body's electromagnetic signals." *Pinpoint*. What a bunch of distress merchandise that is. Your mother may be on Golden Pond but she pinpointed the problem a long time ago.

Sneakers, you mean.

Of course, sneakers. And don't get that voice like I should be knitting an egg cozy over here. What do you do, Mr. Think Tank, you stand on rubber when you don't want to get an electric shock, no? You want to insulate yourself, right? Well, you're not only insulating yourself from electrocution when turning on the light in a wet spot—you're also insulating yourself from anything the earth has to offer.

But—

Why do you think we're getting such low SAT scores now? Look, here's an article, they've just invented a new IQ test to replace Stanford-Binet. A test with pictures, not words. So maybe now a standard poodle can get into the best schools, too. Why? Because a whole generation and more of children has been out of touch with the earth. You watch: they catch those Tylenol poisoners, they'll be wearing Pumas.

I think perhaps you're taking that a bit far—

Never mind the second opinion. The reason you're so smart anyhow is because your mother took you to Indian Walk to get the finest leather. Now I suppose even the Indians wear rubber moccasins.

I remember. I was the only kid in school who played basketball with oxfords on. And black socks. I looked like a second-string Hassid.

YEARS AGO a parent knew. After all, in World War I, when the German high command issued rubbers to their soldiers to prevent trench foot, what happened? The soldiers got sore-eyed and irritable and neurotic. They weren't in touch with the mud. That information filtered down so that, in my time, mothers were always saying, "Don't wear your rubbers in the house, you'll go blind." But today. Today an infant gets his first darling pair of shoes and what is it? A pair of sneakers. You can't even bronze a pair of sneakers, they melt on you. I've seen 13-month-old babies with sneakers on. They might as well be from Saturn for what they know of the earth. No wonder there's so much idiocy and crime today.

I think there might be other causes of crime.

What? Poverty? Put your high beams on—who buys sneakers the most? Yes. Poor people. Sneakers are cheaper, right? We shouldn't throw so much money into welfare and Head Start programs, we should send leather to the ghettos.

I'll write Tip O'Neill tomorrow. He'll love that. Leather is more compassionate. A foot is a terrible thing to waste. Are you eligible for shoe stamps? Walk a mile in—

Sssh. Don't make light. This is important. Put rubber soles on a dowser, bang, he can't find water. I can't do TM

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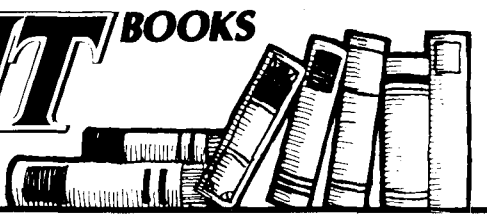
THE RIGHT BOOKS



CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

THE SUPPLY-SIDE theorists have got the bit in their teeth now, and it is obvious that they are going to run themselves flat out. Theory indeed has far outstripped politics, a fact of which supply-side writers are acutely aware; if their fervor amounts actually to messianism it must be acknowledged that they have come closer to conjoining economics and religion than anyone since Tawney. The newest contribution —and one of the most interesting—to this latter-day efflorescence of the doctrines of Adam Smith is *The Economy in Mind* (Universe, 381 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10016; $15.95), by Warren T. Brookes, a former business executive turned columnist for the *Boston Herald American*.

The Economy in Mind is an odd book, by turns analytical and exhortative, philosophical and political, spacious and narrow, stuffy and moving—but consistently cogent. It is really an extended variation on a theme found in George Gilder's *Wealth and Poverty*: the idea that the resources upon which economies are based are not material but mental, not physical but metaphysical. "Capital" is essentially what Julian Simon has described as "the ultimate resource," human intelligence and imagination, of which no economy can have a surfeit.

It is Brookes's contention that the economic errors committed by American politicians and economists over the past generation are the result of a misunderstanding of the nature of substance, i.e., wealth. Since the formalization of economic thought two centuries ago the discipline has split into two basic schools: that of Adam Smith and Jean-Baptiste Say, which holds that wealth, being primarily metaphysical, is susceptible of endless growth; and that of Malthus and Marx, which holds that wealth is predominantly physical and therefore finite. "The modern presentation of this view," Brookes writes, "argues that since usable energy is steadily diminishing into entropy, all wealth is really cost to be shared more equitably. . . . It is the premise of this book that it is time for a nation which has proved repeatedly the essentially metaphysical and unlimited character of its real substance to give up these economic misconceptions and to trade in an economy based on material limits for the potentially unlimited economy of mind."

In fact, Brookes argues that despite the multifarious obstacles placed in the way by government and other agents of Malthusian pessimism, the American economy is already growing more "metaphysical" as the country shifts from "basic" or "heavy" industry to "light" industry and "high technology"—from steel mills and auto plants to Silicon Valley and biogenetics. The new type of industry relies more on human capital—knowledge and expertise—and less on capital formation. Accordingly, many economists and accountants, not comprehending the transformation in the economy and still preoccupied by "material" measurements and statistics, underestimate the vitality of the American economy and the magnitude of its "capital" resources.

MARXIST-MALTHUSIANS believe in an economy directed by government that redistributes and reallocates; they are fundamentally hostile to production; and in service to these prejudices they have abrogated the traditional teachings of Judaism and Christianity. In some of his most interesting passages, Brookes argues that material production is also metaphysical enterprise: the economy *is* mind, an exercise of human creativity marked by what he calls "this slow but progressive triumph of the spiritual and metaphysical over the physical and finite." To this enterprise, faith is essential: while Christianity may survive the demise of capitalism, capitalism will not survive the decay of religious values, as is already becoming apparent. Noting that our coinage bears the motto "In God We Trust," Brookes sensibly remarks that our currency, ultimately, is worth no more than ourselves. □

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unless my two feet are on the ground. That way I see more hypnagogic images. Of course I'm someone they call the Mozart of Introspection. But even an average person, if he gets in contact with the earth, if he sleeps North-South—

Wait. You sleep East-West.

That's because you, Mr. Recorded Message, can't take a day off to help me move my mattress around.

Uh.

Everything is connected to the cosmic force. You take clams from the Atlantic to Chicago, they keep opening and shutting with the tide. You can't tell them about Central Standard Time. Make beer in a different shape barrel and it'll taste different. Believe me, you're from the planet Earth, you should stand on the planet Earth. Don't tell me thirty years of being grounded in sneakers won't put a crease in your material.

Well, I suppose it does make sense.

So.

So? Oh, you want me to write a column about it.

Your mother should be heard before it's too late.

Okay. I've written about topless dancers. I guess I can write about my mother's shoe fetish.

The only problem is—with the wackos we've got around today some Lee Harvey Oswald from Adidas or Converse or Puma might try to assassinate me. And if I get shot, you, you probably won't even visit in the hospital.

If you get shot by a sneaker manufacturer, I'll visit you. I promise.

I've heard that before. We'll see. We'll see. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

GOD AND GENERAL LONGSTREET, *by Thomas L. Connelly and Barbara L. Bellows (Louisiana State University Press, 158 pp., $12.95).* Mr. Connelly is the author of the acclaimed iconoclastic biography of Robert E. Lee, *The Marble Man* (1977), and here he and Barbara Bellows, a research fellow at the University of South Carolina, where Connelly is a history professor, set forth what may be the first comprehensive view of "The Lost Cause and the Southern Mind," as their book is subtitled. Mr. Connelly is one of the better-writing historians today, and this slim volume will reinforce his reputation among Civil War specialists, historians, and those interested in popular culture. He and Miss Bellows here root around in the accumulated muck of over a century of Southern writing about the Civil War, and conclude: "The *memory* of the war—not the conflict itself—has always been the focus of the Lost Cause mentality. This is, in effect, the meaning of the phrase itself. The Lost Cause has never been a celebration of the Confederacy, but a monument to defeat." This book examines in detail how the various veterans, journalists, and memoirists came to grips with their absolute national defeat. One of the ways they did this was to deify the warrior Lee at the expense of all other Confederate generals, but primarily James Longstreet—the scapegoat of Gettysburg (he takes up little of the book, despite the title). In "How Virginia Won the Civil War," Mr. Connelly and Miss Bellows show how the writers who elevated Lee did the same with the Old Dominion, making the state at once the architect of the Union and the Lion of the Confederacy. And they show how the righteousness and self-justification of the early postwar school of Lost Cause writing turned into more nationally acceptable work describing the romance and tragedy of Lee and the Confederate States of America. Such work, the authors note, sought to explain Dixie to the nation, thus aiding in reunification. That much of the Lost Cause work was mawkish slop cannot be denied, and the authors don't. Those who would know the Lost Cause and what it meant and still means would do well to read *God and General Longstreet.* JOE MYSAK

BACKTRACK, *by Joseph Hansen (Foul Play/Countryman Press, 167 pp., $12.95).* Joseph Hansen's latest fictional effort lies well outside the canon of his popular Dave Brandstetter mystery series: it is a short, pithy *Bildungsroman* disguised as a suspense novel about a California teenager's search for the killer of his father, a small-time homosexual actor. An accomplished poet, Hansen commands a sharp-eyed prose style so vividly observed as to recall Evelyn Waugh's admiring remark about P. G. Wodehouse—"One has to regard a man as a master who can produce on average three uniquely brilliant and entirely original similes to every page"—and *Backtrack*, like the Brandstetter novels, is enriched by the judicious artistic effects that Hansen obtains through the use of this striking style, reminiscent at times of the late Kenneth Fearing, another gifted poet-turned-mystery-writer. Equally effective is the author's flawless ear for dialogue, here enhanced by his use of a first-person narrator. There is a touch of sentiment and a loss of tension in the denouement of *Backtrack*, and a novel that is paced like a mystery naturally arouses expectations of a tauter ending than this one. Still, it is good to see this imaginative writer able to do satisfying work without recourse to the road-tested pleasures provided by Dave Brandstetter and his colorful friends. Recommended. TERRY TEACHOUT

HALFWAY AROUND THE WORLD, *by Gavin Young (Random House, 473 pp., $16.50).* One day a question occurred to Gavin Young. It was not a deep or particularly important question, but to a footloose man like himself it had possibilities: Could one, in this era of jet travel, still sail from Europe to the Orient on short-haul commercial shipping? Young might have had his answer in two weeks by calling around to booking offices, but how much nicer to see for himself. So, leaving wife and kids, off he went. This book records the journey in exhaustive detail. Little that crossed Young's physical or mental path during sojourns on tubs plying the waters east of Suez escapes his busy pen. His digressions make the book seem overlong and also superficial—more so even, that is, than would be the case had he stuck to the facts of his rather pointless expedition. At one juncture he is being tossed like a rag doll in the cabin of a rattletrap steamer bound for the Maldives. Waves crash against the windows. Seamen cling for their lives to the taffrails. With the fate of all of them in doubt, Young lapses into a vignette about a Vietnamese soldier killed by a booby trap while on patrol. The man, whose name Young never learned, cried for home as he died. It doesn't exactly advance the narrative he had embarked on, but Young witnessed it, and he remembered it, so it's in the book. Still and all, Young does run across some interesting types. There is the Lebanese arrayed in diamonds and silks who chums it up with *hoi polloi* in tourist class en route but sniffs at them once the boat docks at Beirut. In a sticky terminal on the Persian Gulf, a son of India piteously requests that Young mail him back a blow-up nudie doll from London. Seeking enlightenment from friends from his days as a foreign correspondent, Young visits a Buddha-like gentleman of the press in Hong Kong. The man has spent a quarter of a century recording for the wire services the tortured events of the East. He is resigned, secure. The world, he pronounces, is one hell of a place. In a book padded with irrelevancies, the statement sounds like the wisdom of a philosopher. PAUL T. HORNAK

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

M. STANTON EVANS:

[*Liberalism's*] *Politics of Fear*

It would be difficult to imagine a sleazier or more reckless charge than that somebody is in favor of nuclear war, or one more obviously calculated to appeal to the most primitive kind of fear.

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Exit Teddy

On The Right

New York, Dec. 3—So Teddy won't run. That's a pity, for several reasons. In his book *Keeping Faith*, Jimmy Carter observes that Senator Kennedy always does very well in the polls, but that when he becomes a candidate, he loses. Using the vernacular, Mr. Carter, when informed that Senator Kennedy was going to run against him, phrased all the above as "I'll whip his ass." And indeed he did just that. Mr. Carter's life was subsequently complicated by Kennedy's staying in the race. This he did even after Carter had accumulated enough delegates to guarantee his nomination. Carter, understandably, feels bitter about this. Indeed, he claims Kennedy's persistence probably cost Carter the election, though there are those, calmer observers, who believe that Carter cost Carter the election. Still, there is a hangover.

Politicians don't like it when a candidate is spurned by the loser. Rockefeller's persistent hostility to Goldwater after his nomination in 1964 probably cost Rockefeller the nomination in 1968. At the time, Goldwater was quoted as saying: "Only I could give Rocky the nomination." Meaning that only the absolution of the aggrieved party would affect the convention. If in 1984 Kennedy arrived at a Democratic convention at which the vote was tied between him and another contender, probably only the support of Carter would assure his nomination. Senator Eugene McCarthy's lackadaisical support of Hubert Humphrey in 1968 is still unforgiven in the ranks of Democratic orthodoxy.

WHAT IT ALL means is that there are solid political reasons for Teddy Kennedy's decision to postpone his presidential ambitions (and the dissolution of the Republic) for another four years. He is not certain that he could win the nomination. And not certain that, if he won it, he would be elected. It is curious that although Mr. Kennedy lost the nomination to a man as generally unpopular as Carter had become by 1980, even so Mr. Kennedy is considered a live political figure—*presidentabile*, as the Italians might put it. Given his many handicaps—the incident at Chappaquiddick, the unhappy domestic problems, beaten by Carter, ideological stridency—one would think his declaration that he would not run for President would be as newsworthy as a declaration to the same effect by George McGovern. That it is more than that reminds us of qualities in America which are not by any means all bad.

There is here a loyalty to the nearest thing to an American dynasty since the Adamses. The oldest brother elected, and then assassinated. A man of enormous personal allure, married to his counterpart, destroyed while still a young man. The second brother gradually attracting a personal constituency more fervent, really, than that of his dead brother, thanks to the gradual ideologization of his position.

John Kennedy was a thoroughgoing pragmatist. Brother Robert became a True Believer and, as such, drew to him other true believers, who had now someone to lead them whose sentimental appeal, as the resurrection of Jack, combined with the new idealism associated with the Vietnam War, the black civil-rights movement, and the whole congeries of social programs now associated with the name of Lyndon Johnson. With the murder of Robert Kennedy, something on the order of a feeling of obligation to the Kennedy family arose. Many Americans, even if not particularly attracted to the political programs which, in Teddy's hands, had become deep-freeze liberalism, felt that one way to compensate the third brother for the fate of the first two was to give him the biggest prize America has to give, namely the White House. It is all terribly irrational, of course. But some irrational things (one thinks of British loyalty to the Crown) are satisfying. Another way to put it is that the loyalty to Senator Kennedy is pleasing to this American, provided of course that that loyalty falls short of delivering its object to the White House.

The country is being saved the final test. Richard Nixon, who is the best political soothsayer in town, had predicted that Kennedy would be nominated; and defeated. There are those who wish it might be so, that the final exorcism should be accomplished. As it is, Mr. Kennedy will remain a brooding omnipresence. Little children who refuse to do their homework will be threatened with a Kennedy Presidency. If the Dow Jones sulkily retreats back into the 600s, the whisper will go out: Behave, or we'll elect Teddy. We know how the Poles feel when they flirt with freedom—any more of that, and we'll send in Teddy Kennedy. So Solidarity bows its head, and disbands.

For professional observers of the political scene, Teddy's withdrawal is a black day. It will abort several professional polemical careers. We'll miss you, Ted. □

THE AVERTED GAZE

New York, Dec. 1—A colleague tells the story of the lieutenant and captain waiting in the hotel lobby for their companions to come down.

Holland, Punch — Rothco

"Just our luck! A one-star hotel!"

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Two women are spotted descending the staircase. The lieutenant leans over and whispers: "That's got to be the ugliest woman I've ever seen."

"That's my wife," the captain hisses.

"Oh. Well—I didn't mean her. I meant the woman next to her."

"That's my mother."

The lieutenant pauses, and then: "I didn't say it."

One is reminded of the Thanksgiving flurry involving the Reagan Administration and the proposal that at some point, at some level, unemployment benefits be taxed. It is rumored that when the President first heard that this had been listed among the hypothetical options to diminish disincentives to working, he immediately pushed every Executive button simultaneously, causing 55 Administration spokesmen to pronounce that the proposal in question a) would not be adopted, b) was not being considered, c) was invisible the whole time, and d) probably never existed in the first place. In politics you simply don't say certain things.

It doesn't matter if they're true—still you're not supposed to say them. Martin Feldstein, the Administration's principal economist, noted a few years ago that at a certain salary level, a Massachusetts taxpayer who lost his job would, during the first year, bring in 93 per cent of the post-tax income he made while working. This by adding federal, state, and city benefits, tax free. There are people, rich and poor, who would consider trading 7 per cent of their net income for forty free hours per week. You can catch up on your reading, for one thing.

Among the unemployed in America there is a division. There are those who cannot find work. And there are those who cannot find work they are willing to do. Nobody disputes that there are eight million (or more) illegal aliens in America. And nobody disputes that they are working. Where did they find the jobs? Still, one does not say "it." And, of course, in some cases, "it" does not apply.

Here is an interesting figure. Suppose you were to tax everyone in America 44 per cent of their salary—this in addition to the taxes they are already paying. What do you say to that proposal? I agree. I mean, talk about disincentives.

But that is exactly how much tax Americans would need to pay by the year 2035 if current arrangements concerning Social Security prevail. The Kennedys and Moynihans and Peppers and O'Neills treat any suggestion about modifying Social Security benefits as if President Reagan, paintbrush in hand, was setting out to touch up the *Mona Lisa*. Well, just what is it that *they* propose to do about it? Once again, a division is in order, between those who need every penny of their Social Security check, and those who do not. It transpires that 30 per cent of Social Security benefits go to the wealthiest 20 per cent of the elderly, here defined as families with an income in excess of $30,000 per year.

Robert Lekachman is a witty socialist and economist in New York. His idea of a truly perfect society is one in which 100 per cent of all the money above whatever his salary is at City University would go to the government. Professor Lekachman writes, "Even today Social Security and Medicare owe their relative invulnerability from David Stockman's budget bleeders not to the nonvoting poor but to politically alert, middle-class Grey Panthers and members of the American Association of Retired Persons."

Abraham Lincoln once asked a question which, in our smugness, we have taken to be rhetorical. We are here, he said at Gettysburg, to test the proposition whether a government of the people, by the people, and for the people can long endure. But the question is very serious. And the Averted Political Gaze, when unpleasant topics are raised, is a hideously eloquent means of answering Mr. Lincoln: No. □

KEEPING THE PEACE VIA MX

New York, Dec. 6—

Q. Do you favor the Peacekeeper program?

A. Don't like the name much. Program's okay though.

Q. Why don't you like the name?

A. The pacifist gang will say it's Orwellian. Actually it isn't: the MX is designed to keep the peace, not to make war. But it's fancy-Dan nomenclature, and me-Tarzan don't like that. Churchill during the war sent out directives to his military staff, specifying that no cute names were to be given to military operations. He wanted, he said, to avoid the necessity of some widow down the line saying her husband lost his life in Operation Pussycat.

Q. Why do you put so much emphasis on the name?

A. Because it will be targeted as symbolic of the cynicism of the Pentagon. The Pentagon isn't being cynical in conceiving the MX, or "Peacekeeper," as a peacekeeper. But it is provocative to give it that name. Sort of like a President who announces that his program will be called "The Golden Age."

Q. Why do you assume there will be so much criticism of the MX?

A. Because most of the critics of the nuclear program don't pay much attention to their own arguments.

Q. Which are?

A. Well, they range from Thou Shalt Not Kill, to God Created Snowflakes, How Could You? But I have primarily in mind here the whole business of redundancy.

Q. Where does that come in?

A. Most critics of nuclear defense are not quite ready to come out for unilateral disarmament. I say not quite, because a rigorous examination of their premises reveals that that is really the underpinning of their position. So instead they use the argument of redundancy, that we already have six times (or whatever) the weapons necessary to knock out the USSR, and therefore it is a sin to add to our armory.

Q. But they have a point, don't they? If we have six times the necessary armaments, why do we need an increase?

A. Well, the most elementary point here is of course the matter of delivery. Merely to have in hand enough explosives to incinerate 250 million Russians doesn't answer the question of how exactly, if we had it in mind to incinerate 250 million Russians, we would proceed to do so. But of course since we don't ever want to do any such thing, it is important that the Russians be assured that if we elected to do so, we could: such an election coming only after their own first strike. The idea? To prevent that.

Q. You haven't answered the question about redundancy.

A. You are a nice guy, but you are making the usual mistake. You should look at it the other way around. If we already have redundancy, then what is redundancy plus redundancy? Redundancy. If we have six times the weapons we need, then what is the harm in having seven times the weapons we need?

Q. Ah! But if you have six times what you need, why seven times?

A. The objective of the incremental redundancy is to affect favorably the chances of avoiding war. The seventh redundancy, if we choose to use this terminology, is desirable because it fortifies a very weak land-leg in the existing Triad (land, air, sea). The idea is to discourage the USSR from any temptation to a first strike.

Q. But isn't this the same old story? We build the MX, and the Soviet Union does us one better, and soon the MX is obsolete?

A. You handle military theory all right. But not realities. The last set of redundancies served us well for twenty years, and the objective here is to give us another twenty years. Meanwhile the Soviet Union might proceed to crank up its military machine beyond the very high level it's already geared up to. Or—something different might happen.

Q. Like what?

A. Like a decision by the Soviet Union that the United States steadily resolves that the lady is simply not for burning. And that the whole ugly, expensive enterprise had better be dismantled.

Q. Disarmament?

A. Yes.

Q. Is that our ultimate objective?

A. Yes. But then so is perpetual peace and comity among the peoples of the world. If you don't believe me, ask the United Nations. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

A. What workers like to be. — 13 42 84

B. Theodore Roosevelt's alma mater. — 31 98 121 71 197 129 15

C. Mother of John the Baptist. — 49 169 54 99 179 136 16 1 38

D. One of things Apostle Paul took pleasure in (2 Cor. 12:10). — 55 172 91 72 140 145 183 106 195 163 148

E. Tularemia (2 wds.). — 64 186 52 154 199 39 174 141 87 170 —

F. What too many congressmen are (2 wds.). — 68 175 107 4 116 201

G. Attaching labels to. — 75 5 40 122 88 143 171

H. Question with more rhyme than reason (4 wds.). — 78 200 8 89 83 30 108 165 46 113 159 185 132 127

I. God with us. — 102 59 97 80 180 192 75 20

J. Appellation of Jesus Christ (2 wds.). — 112 32 134 76 100 66 22 149 41 196 123 60 184

K. Slang for trouble that doesn't follow skating on thin ice (3 wds.). — 120 61 92 147 43 23 156 47 67 10

L. Andronicus and Junia as described by Paul (hyph.). — 124 11 21 194 173 138 146 81 24 44 189 73 109 93 187

M. Three-legged stands. — 137 101 69 167 128 45 25

N. Jurisdiction (Roman Catholic usage). — 142 33 26 133 110 130 70 177 155

O. Efficacious against fever. — 190 28 151 34 114 18 135 6 144

P. Left winger's favorite century (why?). — 198 12 182 29 56 7 188 77 48

Q. Town in Somerset, England. — 2 139 62 57 50 157 150 191 90 79

R. Year of first Republican presidential win. — 9 158 181 118 82 58 63 14 95 168 176 125 153

S. Character in Goethe's 'Faust.' — 27 119 164 162 86 103 65 35 193 178 3 152 53 115

T. Of majestic dignity. — 51 19 160 36 126 96

U. Coming into possession of. — 85 104 117 161 166 111 37

V. A good river to be out on. — 94 105 131

						1 C	2 Q	3 S		4 F	5 G	6 O	7 P		8 H	9 R
10 K	11 L		12 P	13 A	14 R	15 B	16 C	17 E	18 O	19 T	20 I	21 L	22 J		23 K	24 L
25 M	26 N		27 S	28 O	29 P		30 H	31 B	32 J		33 N	34 O	35 S	36 T	37 U	38 C
39 E		40 G	41 J	42 A	43 K	44 L		45 M	46 H		47 K	48 P	49 C		50 Q	51 T
52 E	53 S		54 C	55 D		56 P	57 Q	58 R		59 I	60 J	61 K	62 Q	63 R	64 E	
65 S	66 J	67 K	68 F		69 M	70 N	71 B	72 D	73 L	74 G	75 I	76 J		77 P	78 H	79 Q
	80 I	81 L	82 R		83 H	84 A		85 U	86 S	87 E	88 G	89 H	90 Q		91 D	92 K
93 L	94 V	95 R	96 T	97 I	98 B	99 C		100 J	101M	102I	103S	104U	105V	106D	107F	
108H	109L	110N	111U	112J		113H	114Q	115S	116F		117U	118R	119S	120K	121B	
122G	123J	124L	125R	126T		127H	128M	129B	130N		131V	132H		133N	134J	135Q
136C	137M		138L	139Q	140D	141E		142N	143G	144Q	145D		146L	147K	148D	149J
150Q	151Q	152S	153R		154E	155N	156K	157Q	158R	159H	160T		161U	162S	163D	
164S	165H	166U	167M	168R	169C	170E	171G	172D		173L	174E		175F	176R	177N	178S
179C	180I	181R	182P		183D	184J		185H	186E	187L	188P		189L	190Q		191Q
192I	193S	194L	195D	196J	197B	198P	199E	200H	201F							

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1631 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

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Gulf

Gulf people: energy for tomorrow.

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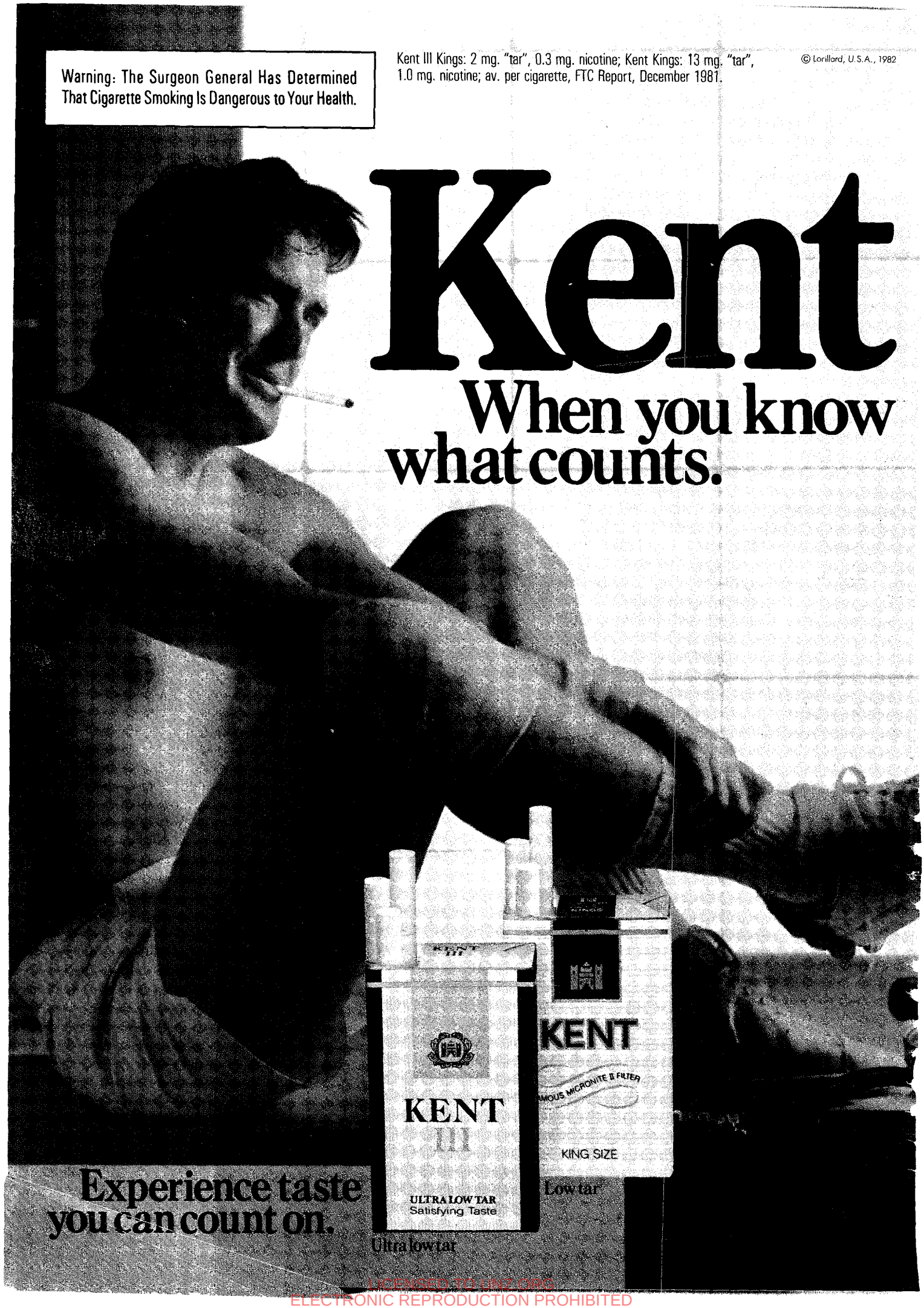
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
Kent III Kings: 2 mg. "tar", 0.3 mg. nicotine; Kent Kings: 13 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine; av. per cigarette, FTC Report, December 1981.
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Kent
When you know what counts.
KENT
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Low tar
ULTRA LOW TAR
Satisfying Taste
Ultra low tar
Experience taste you can count on.

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